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OF

SAMUEL BUTLER

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SAMUEL BUTLER.

1612—1680

OF the life of the author of *Hudibras* little is known, except that he was born in humble circumstances, and died in want. The obscurity of his birth did not prevent him from becoming famous, and his celebrity did not protect him against neglect and poverty.

Samuel Butler, or Boteler,* the father of the poet, was a farmer at Strensam, in Worcestershire, where he possessed a small property of his own, worth about eight or ten pounds a-year, called Butler's Tenement, a name which it retained to the close of the last century. He also rented a considerable farm, of the estimated annual value of £300, from Sir William Russel, the lord of the manor of Strensam†. Samuel Butler appears to have been a person of some education, for he wrote a good hand, which was by no means a common accomplishment in those days, and he was evidently held in good

* See Nash's *History of Worcestershire*. The name was originally spelt Boteler, and the old orthography seems to have been retained during the lifetime of the poet. In a royal warrant, bearing the date of 1677, and signed by Sir John Beekenhead, printers and booksellers are prohibited from reprinting or selling 'a book, or poem call'd *Hudibras*, or any part thereof, without the consent and approbation of Samuel Boteler, Esq., or his assigns'. The original of this injunction is preserved in the British Museum—*Misc Pap Bibl Burch*, No 4293.

† Wood erroneously calls this gentleman Sir Thomas Russel. The family of the Russels were early seated in Worcestershire. In the reign of Edward II, Nicholas Russel filled the office of sheriff, Robert Russel, in the reign of Richard II, under Henry VIII Joh Russel, junior, of Strensam, served the office three times, and the names of Thomas and Joh Russel occur several times in the lists of sheriffs during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Sir William Russel, from whom Butler's father leased his farm, served the office of sheriff in 1636.

repute in his neighbourhood, for we learn that he was much engaged in the business of the parish, that he kept the registers, and, in the year 1611, served the office of churchwarden. It may be inferred from their local connexion with Sir William Russel that the Butlers were zealous royalists, and the influence of these early associations may be followed out in the pages of *Hudibras*. Sir William Russel was a distinguished adherent of the royal cause, and rendered himself so conspicuous in support of it that, when Worcester capitulated to the Parliament in 1646, he was the only person excluded from the benefit of the treaty. It is highly probable that the Butlers participated in the calamities of their party, and were scattered by the devastations of the civil war. No trace has been discovered of the subsequent fortunes of the family, which consisted of seven children,* beyond the isolated fact, that after the death of the poet one of his brothers communicated some scanty, and not very accurate, recollections concerning him to Anthony Wood. Some of their descendants are said to have settled in the neighbouring villages, but they long since disappeared from the parish of Strensham. The house in which the poet was born still remains, and is shown as his birthplace. It has the appearance of having been originally a substantial dwelling, and is now tenanted by two or three poor families.

Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, was born at Strensham† in 1612. The entry of his baptism, dated the 8th of February, 1612,‡ appears in the parish register in the

* Three daughters and four sons. The daughters and one of the sons were born before the poet.

† Aubrey says that 'Butler was born at Pershore, in Worcestershire, as we suppose,' and then adds in a note, 'hard by Barton Bridge, half a mile from Worcester, in the parish of St John.' This is inconsistent in itself, and doubtful on other grounds. There is no such place as Barton Bridge in the parish of St John's, at least, no place known by that name in the present day. Strensham is a little village on the banks of the Avon, about ten miles south from Worcester, and close to the Eckington station on the Midland railway.

‡ The 13th, according to the life prefixed to the Edition of 1710, and reprinted by Dr Grey, the 14th, according to Dr Johnson. Charles Longueville, the son of Butler's particular friend, said that

handwriting of his father. After acquiring the rudiments of his education at home, he was placed at the College School of Worcester,* of which Mr. Henry Bright, a prebendary of the Cathedral, was then the master † He must have entered the school between the years 1621 and 1627, according to the statutes, and if the regulations were observed strictly on his admission, his father's means must have been narrow, ‡ as the king's scholars are required to be 'pauperes et amicorum ope destituti.' Under the rules of the institution, he could hold his scholarship for five years, receiving his education, and £2 13s 4d per annum in addition.

There can be little doubt that his progress at school was rapid. Aubrey tells us that 'when but a boy he would make observations and reflections on everything one said or did, and censure it to be either well or ill,' and we are also informed

Butler was born in 1600 Dr Nash supplies the correct date from the register

* Called also the King's School and the Cathedral School Dr. Johnson says that Butler was educated at the Grammar School, and the same statement is made by Carlisle, in his *History of Endowed Schools* This is a mistake The Grammar School was a separate foundation, and Mr Bright was not the master there

† Mr Henry Bright was a native of Worcester, where he was born in 1562 Early noted for his attainments, he received the appointment of master of the College School when he was only twenty-four years of age, and was made a prebendary of the Cathedral in 1619. He died in 1626, so that it is probable Butler's education at the school was completed under his successor, Mr Henry Monk Mr Bright was one of the most celebrated schoolmasters of his time, and his pupils were highly distinguished at the Universities His merits are commemorated in a Latin epitaph written by Dr. Joseph Hall, Dean of Worcester, and inscribed on a mural tablet in the Bishop's Chapel. 'For my own part,' says Fuller, 'I behold this Master Bright placed by Divine Providence in this city, in the Marches, that he might equally communicate the lustre of grammar learning to youth both of England and Wales.'—*Worthnes of England* It is stated by Cooksey, in his life of Lord Somers, that that celebrated person was a pupil of Bright's, but this is an error Lord Somers was not born for nearly a quarter of a century after the death of Bright

‡ The circumstances of Butler's father are variously represented Wood says that he was possessed of a competent property, the writer of the life, published in 1710, tells us that 'he made a shift to have his son educated at the free-school,' and from Aubrey we learn that he was 'a man but of slender fortune, and to breed his son at school was as much education as he was able to reach to.'

that he 'became an excellent school-scholar'* Amongst his schoolfellows was Thomas Hall, well known as a controversial writer on the Puritan side, and master of the free-school at King's-Norton, where he died; John Toy, afterwards an author, and master of the school at Worcester; William Rowland, who turned Romanist, and, having some talent for rhyming satire, wrote lampoons at Paris, under the title of *Rolandus Palingenius*, and Warmestry, afterwards Dean of Worcester.

From school he is said to have been sent to one of the Universities. The testimony on this point is loose and contradictory. Butler's brother informed Wood that the poet spent six or seven years at Cambridge, but could not tell the name of the hall or college, which he can scarcely be believed to have been ignorant of, had his information been founded on a knowledge of the fact. It seems as if he thought it necessary to Butler's reputation to have it supposed that he had been at one of the Universities, and that he threw out the assertion in this irresponsible shape to evade inquiry. Another authority affirms that Butler 'went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education.'† These statements are at variance with each other; and the last is irreconcilable with itself. If Butler resided for six or seven years at Cambridge, it could not be said that he was there only for some little time; and if his father was unable to be at the charge of an academical education, it is not only unlikely that he would have incurred the expense of sending him to a University, but incomprehensible for what purpose he should have sent him there. The testimony in reference to Oxford is still more vague. It rests upon the report of some people in the neighbourhood, and is contradicted by Mr Charles Longueville, who affirmed that Butler never resided at Oxford. Wood says that one Samuel Butler was elected from Westminster-school a student

* Life published in 1710

† Ib.

of Christchurch in 1623, and that he made little stay, and never was matriculated. This fact, however, sheds no light on the inquiry, as it is clear they were different persons. If internal evidence, in such a case, were of any value, Butler's frequent and familiar use of logical terms, and allusions to the theories of Aristotle, might be thought to favour the supposition that he was educated at Oxford; and Dr Nash observes that 'some expressions in his works look as if he were acquainted with its customs,' instancing the term 'coursing' as being peculiar to that University*. But this kind of knowledge might have been easily acquired without going to Oxford, and as the speculation is entirely unsupported by circumstantial proofs, it may be safely rejected. Upon the whole, the probability is that Butler never went to either of the Universities. His father was not rich enough to defray the expenses of a collegiate course, and could not have effected it by any other means, there being at that time no exhibitions at the Worcester School.

Some time after Butler had completed his education, he obtained, through the interest of the Russels, the situation of clerk to Thomas Jefferies, of Earl's Croombe, Esq, an active justice of the peace. Earl's Croombe was situated in a retired part of the country, surrounded, says Dr Nash, by bad roads, and in this retirement Butler had sufficient leisure to cultivate his tastes, chiefly devoting himself to the study of history and poetry, and the practice of music and painting. What proficiency he made in music does not appear, but he was so passionately fond of painting that at one time he thought of making it his profession. Amongst other pictures, he is said to have painted a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, and, although the reliques that have been preserved of his performances in this way do not exhibit much skill,† his love of

* As if the unreasonable fools
Had been a coursing in the schools

Hud Part iii c 2

† 'I remember about the year 1738 being at Earl's Croombe, and seeing some pictures, said to be painted by Mr Butler, the author of

the art, and, it may be presumed, the promise of excellence he displayed in its pursuit, procured for him the intimate friendship of Mr Samuel Cooper, one of the most celebrated painters of his time *

The situation Butler held under Mr Jefferies, which, as Dr. Nash observes, 'was one that required a knowledge of the law and constitution of his country,' leads to the supposition that he must have previously given some time to the study of law, perhaps in the office of an attorney. It is not unlikely, therefore, that the interval between his leaving school and his residence at Earl's Croombe was occupied in this pursuit. We are told by Aubrey and Wood that he studied the common law, but never practised it, Chambers says that he was a member of Gray's Inn, and Dr Nash had in his possession a MS, purchased from some of Butler's relations at the Hay, in Brecknockshire, which contained a complete syllabus of Coke upon Littleton in the handwriting of the poet. This laborious abridgment was written in Norman, or law French, and Dr Nash conjectures that it was compiled by Butler with no other object than to impress strongly on his mind the sense of his author, and to familiarize himself with the language which, at that time, was indispensable to the study of the

Hudibras In the year 1774, I went to take another view of them, and found they had served to stop windows, and save the tax, and, indeed, they were not fit for much else'—Dr NASH. Horace Walpole says that several of Butler's pictures were preserved by a person in Worcestershire

* 'His love to, and skill in, painting, made a great friendship between him and Mr Samuel Cooper, the prince of limners in this age'—AUBREY. Samuel Cooper was born in 1609. He was instructed in his art by Hoskins, a famous miniature-painter, whose reputation he lived to eclipse. Walpole says that Cooper took Vandyck for his model, and that he was the first who gave the strength and freedom of oil to miniature. The resemblance to Vandyck was so remarkable that, 'if a glass,' says Walpole, 'could expand Cooper's pictures to the size of Vandyck's, they would appear to have been painted for that proportion.' Cooper's portraits obtained for him the patronage of the court of France, where he painted several pieces larger than his usual size, for which his widow received a pension. He was married to a sister of Pope's mother, lived many years in France and Holland, and died in London in 1672. There is a monument to him in Pancras-church, where he was buried.

law. He also compiled and transcribed a French Dictionary, doubtless with the same object. But the most conclusive evidence of his acquaintance with common law is to be found in his works, which abound in professional allusions and technical terms *

After having remained some time in his employment at Earl's Croombe (how long is not known), Butler quitted it for a more agreeable situation in the household of the Earl of Kent, at Wrest in Bedfordshire. He seems to have been

* A few examples from *Hudibras* will show Butler's intimate knowledge of legal forms and phraseology —

Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle.—1 1

So lawyers, but the bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer, &c —1 2.

Hight Whackum, bred to dash and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholesome law,
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as meridians in maps, &c —1 3

A law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality,
Admits no power of revocation,
Nor valuable consideration,
Nor want of error, nor reverse
Of judgment passed, for better or worse —111. 1

While nothing else but rem in re
Can set the proudest wretches free —1b

You put them in the secular powers,
And pass their souls, as some demise
The same estate in mortgage twice
When to a legal utlegation
You term your excommunication,
And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
Distrain on soul and body too —1b

Or bring my action of conveyance
And trover for my goods—
Or, if 'tis better to endite,
And bring him to his trial—
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' action —11 3

attached to the service of the Countess,* probably as one of her gentlemen, to whom she is said to have paid £20 a-year each † The time when he entered upon this situation, which Aubrey says he held for several years, may be determined with some degree of accuracy by the fact that he found Selden here, and was frequently engaged by him in writing letters and making translations ‡ It was in June, 1628, after the prorogation of the third Parliament of Charles I., that Selden, who sat in the House of Commons for Lancaster, retired to Wrest for the purpose of completing, with the advantages of quiet and an extensive library, his labours on the *Marmora Arundelliana*, § and we may presume that it was during the interval of the parliamentary recess, while Selden was thus occupied, that Butler, then in his seventeenth year, ||

* Elizabeth, one of the three daughters, and co-heiresses, of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. She is described by the early biographer of Butler as 'a great encourager of learning'. After the death of the Earl of Kent in 1639, Selden is said to have been domesticated with her at Wrest, and in her town house in White Friars. Aubrey affirms that he was married to her, but that he never acknowledged the marriage till after her death, on account of some law affairs. The Countess died in 1651, and appointed Selden her executor, leaving him the house in White Friars. He is supposed to have derived from her the greater part of his fortune, which was considerable, amounting to about 40,000*l*. † Aubrey

‡ 'Great Selden, who was much conversant in the family of the Countess, had an esteem for, and would often employ him to write letters beyond sea, and translate for him.'—WOOD. Some time before 1628 Selden had been appointed solicitor and steward to the Earl of Kent, and his legal services were afterwards considered so important in certain law-suits between the Earls of Arundel, Pembroke, Kent, and Shrewsbury, that those noblemen interceded in 1631 to obtain his liberation from prison, in order to obtain the benefit of his assistance.

§ When the Arundel Marbles arrived in England, Sir Robert Cotton requested Selden to examine them, and he entered upon the task with enthusiasm. He was assisted in his investigations by two distinguished antiquaries, Patrick Young and Richard James. The work was finished at Wrest, and published in 1629, under the title of *Marmora Arundelliana, sive Saxa Græca Incisa*, with a dedication to his fellow-labourer, Patrick Young. In the preface Selden specially refers to the advantages he enjoyed of compiling the publication in the retirement of Wrest.

|| This corresponds with the account given by Aubrey, who says that Butler 'came when a young man to be a servant to the Countess of Kent'.

was received into the house of the Countess of Kent* What was the nature of the duties assigned to him in his new employment, or under what circumstances he ultimately left the Countess to live with Sir Samuel Luke, a gentleman residing in the same county, cannot now be ascertained. Dr. Nash conjectures that it was during his residence at Wrest he planned *Hudibras*† There is not only no ground, however, for entertaining this supposition, but much reason, founded on tradition and probability, for referring the origin of the work to a later period.

Sir Samuel Luke lived at Woodend, or Cople Hoo Farm. Cople is three miles south of Bedford, and in its church are still to be seen many monuments of the Luke family, who flourished in that part of the country as early as the reign of Henry VIII. During the reign of Elizabeth, Nicholas Luke, of Woodend, served the office of sheriff twice, and Sir Oliver Luke, the father of Sir Samuel, filled the same office in the reign of James I Sir Samuel Luke, knighted in 1624, was a rigid Presbyterian, high in the favour of Cromwell, a colonel in the army of the Parliament, a justice of

* 'May we not conjecture,' observes Mr Singer, in his excellent Biographical Preface to Selden's *Table Talk*, 'that Butler owed this favour to Selden himself?' The conjecture is one which we should be very willing to accept, but all the circumstances with which we are acquainted respecting Butler's connexion with the family of the Countess of Kent, lead to a different inference He remained at Wrest long after this visit of Selden's, and, although Selden was in constant habits of intercourse with the Earl and the Countess, it does not appear that an intimacy at any time existed between him and Butler Their political sympathies, also, drew them in opposite directions Selden was one of the most active opponents of the Court, and Butler was trained up a royalist Amongst the men of learning and genius to whom Selden dispensed his hospitality, and with whom he preserved a correspondence, there is no trace to be found of the name of Butler Selden's associates were men of an earlier period, such as Usher, Ben Jonson, Drayton, and Browne, and, dying nine years before the publication of *Hudibras*, he was not likely to have appreciated the merits of Butler, which lay mainly in his writings

† Aubrey says that while he was with the Countess of Kent, 'he employed his time much in painting and drawing, and also in music' It may have been at this period, during his intercourse with Selden, that he painted the portrait of Oliver Cromwell

the peace for Bedford and Surry, scoutmaster-general for Bedfordshire, which he represented in the Long Parliament, and Governor of Newport Pagnell.* He possessed ample estates in Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire,† and devoted his fortune to the promotion of the popular cause. His house was the open resort of the Puritans, whose frequent meetings for the purposes of council, prayer, and preparation for the field, afforded Butler an opportunity of observing, under all their phases of inspiration and action, the characters of the men whose influence was working a revolution in the country. It has been generally supposed that the scenes he witnessed on these occasions suggested to him the subject of his great poem. That it was at this period he conceived the idea, and threw into their first crude shape some of the striking points of *Hudibras*, is extremely probable. He kept a common-place book, in which he was in the habit of noting down particular thoughts and fugitive criticisms; and Mr Thyer, the editor of his *Remains*, who had this book in his possession, says that it was full of shrewd remarks, paradoxes, and witty sarcasms. In this way he collected and preserved his materials, to be afterwards, as opportunity served, wrought into a connected form. The daily occurrences, of which he was a spectator in the house of Sir Samuel Luke, supplied him with abundant hints, which he slowly accumulated, in the manner of the fragments published under the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, many

* Dr Grey, in his notes on *Hudibras*, refers to some original letters of Sir Samuel Luke to Pym and Lenthall, preserved in the MS collections of Dr Williams, formerly president of St John's College, Cambridge. These letters were written while Sir Samuel held the office of Governor of Newport. In one of them he informs Pym that the Earl of Essex had beaten the King's garrison out of the place, and in another he desires that a weekly sum of £1000 shall be levied on the counties of Bedford, Hertford, and Northampton, for the support of the garrison. In a third letter, to Lenthall, he gives a description of the state of the town and the troops. From a passage in Lilly's *Life and Times*, it appears that Sir Samuel Luke was Governor of Newport in the year 1645.

† Pepys tells us that Sir George Carteret bought an estate in Northamptonshire from Sir Samuel Luke, for which he paid £3000.

of which he subsequently drafted into his larger poems; and we may conclude, from the imperfect state in which *Hudibras* was left by its author, who lived long enough to complete it if he had a clear conception of how it was to end, and from the remarkable want of unity throughout, that the work was commenced without any definite plan, and written piecemeal, from time to time, during the Interregnum. Nor is it probable that the design took a distinct shape till the return of Charles II. gave security to the writer. The boldness of the satire seems to indicate feelings of triumph and impunity.

Cople Hoo not only suggested to Butler the subject of his poem, but supplied him with its hero. The following passage leaves little doubt as to the person intended to be represented in the character of *Hudibras* -

'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
In foreign land, ycleped ————,
To whom we have been oft compared
For person, parts, address, and beard, &c —1 2.

The name of Sir Samuel Luke accurately fills the blank; and that such was the design of the author seems to be clear from the prominence he gives to this particular couplet, which is in a different measure from the rest of the poem, and requires the full style of the knight to make it complete. Some writers have maintained that as this passage is spoken by *Hudibras* in person, it proves that the character could not have been drawn for Sir Samuel Luke, it being a very unusual thing to compare a person with himself, but, on the other hand, the fact that *Hudibras* goes out of his way in the first canto to apprise his readers of the resemblance he bears to a well-known leader amongst the Puritans, may be assumed as placing beyond controversy the intention of the satire. Other circumstances tend to confirm this assumption. The description that has come down to us, in the memoirs of 1659, of the person and character of Sir Samuel Luke, corresponds exactly with Butler's portrait of *Hudibras*; and it is certain that his contemporaries generally understood that he

had taken Sir Samuel for his hero* If the poem had been conducted to its conclusion, the termination of the knight's career would have determined all doubts on the subject, for there is reason to believe that, although Sir Samuel was one of the most zealous supporters of the Parliament throughout the wars, as he is portrayed in the satire, he seceded from his party in the end. Like *Hudibras* he was distinguished by the persevering activity with which, in his capacity of justice of the peace, he put down the amusements of the people; and he displayed the most unwarrantable violence towards the king's friends and supporters, of which one memorable instance is recorded in February 1642, when he fell upon the Duke of Vendome, at Uxbridge, on his return from visiting the King at Oxford, and forcibly plundered him, although the Duke's personal safety had been guaranteed to him by a pass from the Close Committee† Yet, notwithstanding the lengths to which he was willing enough to carry these marauding hostilities, we find his name and that of his father, Sir Oliver Luke, in the list of Secluded Members, who were either turned out of the house, or voluntarily withdrew from it, on the occasion of the King's trial; from which it must be supposed either that he disapproved of that proceeding, or that his adhesion in the last extremity was distrusted by the Parliament If Butler had brought *Hudibras* to a conclusion, keeping the career of Sir Samuel Luke in view, this finish to the knight's zealotry

* In the poem of *Dunstable Downs*, Sir Samuel Luke is expressly called *Sir Hudibras*, and in the ballad of *The Cobbler and Vicar of Bray*, the object of the satire is curiously identified by representing Sir Samuel in the character of *Hudibras*, in the same way as *Hudibras* is supposed to represent Sir Samuel These pieces are amongst the Posthumous Works which Mr Thyer has shown to have been falsely ascribed to Butler, a circumstance which diminishes their literary interest, but does not deprive them of their value as contemporary evidence

† *Mercurius Rusticus*, No 8 The *Mercuries* were the newspapers of the Cavalier party, as the *Diurnals* were of the Parliament, and both were hawked and cried about the streets, with the latest intelligence from the provinces, during the progress of the Civil Wars.

would have enabled him to round off the satire exultingly with the palinode of his hero.

Other claims to the honour of being the original of *Hudibras* have been set up; but they rest on such slender testimony as to be scarcely entitled to notice. Dr Grey says that he was informed by a friend, who derived his information from a bencher of Gray's Inn, who had it from an acquaintance of Butler's, that the person intended was Sir Henry Rosewell, of Ford Abbey, in Devonshire; and it is elsewhere asserted, upon still more indefinite authority, that it was Colonel Rolls. Dr. Nash rejects altogether the notion that Butler contemplated so narrow a design as that of a personal portrait, and thinks that *Hudibras*, in the language of Dryden, was 'knight of the shire, and represents them all, that is, the whole body of the Presbyterians, as Ralpho does that of the Independents.' This is no doubt true; but it has never been supposed that in selecting a particular specimen of the class Butler limited the range of his satire to the peculiarities of an individual, but rather that, by drawing upon an actual example, he obtained greater firmness and fidelity in the delineation of traits more or less common to the entire party.

Butler was, probably, employed in the capacity of clerk, by Sir Samuel Luke, as he had before been employed by Mr. Jeffries. From this time we hear nothing more of him till the Restoration. 'At length,' observes Dr Johnson, 'the King returned, and the time came in which loyalty hoped for its reward, Butler, however, was only made secretary to the Earl of Carbery.' This intimation of the ingratitude of the Court comes a little too soon. It should be remembered that Butler had not yet done anything which entitled him to look for rewards, and could not, therefore, reasonably complain of neglect. Indeed so far as we know anything of his history, appearances were against his claims to the favours of the Court, his last employment being in the service of a notorious Puritan; but his loyalty, nevertheless, had been nursed in adversity, and there must have been some powerful

friends who were cognizant of his zeal and abilities, since he had interest enough to procure the appointment of secretary to Lord Carbery, almost immediately after the King's return

This appointment was not so insignificant as might be supposed from the slighting allusion made to it by Dr Johnson. The Earl of Carbery held the high office of Lord President of the Principality of Wales, and it was in reference to that office, and not in a private capacity, that Butler was nominated secretary, in addition to which, upon the revival of the Court of Marches,* Lord Carbery conferred upon him the situation of Steward of Ludlow Castle. Here, according to a local tradition, in a little room in the outer entrance gateway leading from the town, he is said to have written *Hudibras*; but this statement must be understood as applying only to the revision and preparation of the poem for the press.†

Butler's tenure of his stewardship cannot be positively determined, and the causes of his retirement from it are unknown. He certainly held the office in 1661, and it would appear from a document connected with the expenditure at Ludlow Castle that he ceased to perform the duties in January, 1662, when a successor was appointed‡. This

* 'The Court of Marches was restored after the restoration of royalty, but it had lost most of its importance. A series of nominal vice-presidents, the Earl of Carbery, the Marquis of Worcester, Prince Rupert, and the Earl of Macclesfield, presided successively during the reigns of Charles II and James II'—WRIGHT'S *History of Ludlow Castle*. The whole court, president, council, and all, were swept away by an act of Parliament in 1689, as being intolerable and unconstitutional.

† The early editions announce in the title-page that the work was 'written in the time of the late wars'

‡ The document referred to is Lord Carbery's Account of the Expenses incurred in the renovation of Ludlow Castle, from which the following extracts were published in *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. p. 5—

For sundry supplies of furniture paid for by Mr Samuel Butler, late Steward, from January, 1661, to January, 1662, ix^{li} ij^s vd, and more by him paid to sundry Brasiers, Pewterers, and Coopers, vj^{li} vijs ij^d. In both . . . xv^{li} ix^s viij^d

For sundry other supplies of furniture paid for by Mr Edward

statement is irreconcilable with a fact mentioned by Mr. Thyer, who says that he found amongst Butler's papers a protection against arrests addressed to him as steward, signed by Lord Carbery, and dated on the last day of September, 1667.* We must, therefore, suppose either that this protection was an act of grace and private favour, extended to him in consideration of his necessities, or that he still continued to possess some nominal interest in the office, and that the person who succeeded him was appointed only to act as his deputy.

About this period Butler married a Mrs Herbert, a lady reputed to be of good family, and possessed of some property. We learn from Aubrey that she was a widow, and had been married to a Mr Morgan, and that Butler lived upon her jointure† These statements are contradicted by a writer already quoted,‡ who says that the lady was never married, and that although she once had a competent fortune, the greater part of it was lost by being put out on bad securities. The latter account is the more probable of the two, for Butler's first complaints of neglect and poverty appear to be coincident with his marriage, and we find no subsequent improvement in his circumstances to the end of his life.

The First Part of *Hudibras*, containing three cantos, was

Lloyd, the succeeding Steward, from January, 1662, to January, 1667

For several Bottles, Corkes, and Glasses, bought by Mr Butler, late Steward, from January, 1661, to January, 1662, viij^{li} xiiij^s jd^d, and for two Saddles and furniture for the Caterer and Slaughterman, xxvj^s viij^d. In both viij^{li} xix^s ix^d

* *Genuine Remains*, i. 411. Mr Thyer refers to this protection in a note affixed to the *Beneficial Reflections upon Milford-Haven*, adding that he thinks it likely that Butler drew up those reflections during his residence in that part of the kingdom. It is upon this protection, probably, Dr Nash founds his statement that Butler was appointed Steward of Ludlow Castle 'about 1667.'

† 'He married a good jointuresse, the relict of — Morgan, by which means he lives comfortably'—*Letters of Eminent Men*, iii. 262. The letters, in one of which this passage occurs, are dedicated to Wood on the 15th June, 1680—the year in which Butler died in desertion and poverty.

‡ *Life*, 1710.

published in 1663* The imprimatur for printing it, signed by Sir John Berkenhead, is dated 11th November, 1662. The poem is said to have been introduced to the notice of the Court by Lord Dorset, who was so much struck by its extraordinary merit that he desired to be introduced to the author 'His lordship,' according to this curious anecdote, 'having a great desire to spend an evening as a private gentleman with the author of *Hudibras*, prevailed with Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend; this being done, Mr Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy, at the second bottle brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most agreeable companion, but before the third bottle was finished, he sunk again into such deep stupidity and dulness, that hardly anybody would have believed him to be the author of a book which abounded with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship's opinion of Butler, who answered, 'He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.'†

The reception of *Hudibras* at Court is, probably, without a parallel in the history of books. The king was so enchanted with it that he carried it about in his pocket, and perpetually garnished his conversation with specimens of its witty passages, which, thus stamped by royal approbation, passed rapidly into general currency. Nor was his Majesty content with merely quoting Butler; in an access of enthusiasm he sent for him, that he might gratify his curiosity by the sight of a poet who had contributed so largely to his amusement. The Lord Chancellor Hyde showered promises of patronage upon him, and hung up his portrait in his library‡ Every

* This was the date on the title-page. The book was really published in 1662. Pepys bought it in December, 1662.

† *General Historical Dictionary*. 1734-41.

‡ 'He printed a witty poem called *Hudibras*, which took extremely, so that the King and Lord Chancellor Hyde would have him sent for (The Lord Chancellor hath his picture in his library over the chimney.) They both promised him great matters, but to this day he has got no

person about the Court considered it his duty to make himself familiar with *Hudibras*. It was minted into proverbs and bon mots. No book was so much read. No book was so much cited. From the palace it found its way at once into the chocolate houses and taverns; and attained so rapid a popularity that it was pirated within a month of its original publication.*

Pepys gives us a curious illustration of the sudden and extraordinary success of *Hudibras*. Hearing it much talked of, he bought a copy of it at the Temple for half-a-crown; when he came to read it, however, he thought it 'so silly an abuse of the presbyter knight going to the wars,' that he was quite ashamed of it, and sold it to a gentleman he met at dinner for eighteenpence. But he could not escape the praises of the poem. Wherever he went he found it cited up as the 'example of wit,' and out of humour with himself for being out of the fashion, he bought a second copy about ten days afterwards in the Strand. With all his efforts, however, to accommodate his opinions to those of the world in which he moved, he acknowledges that he could not 'bring himself to think it witty.' Nevertheless, when the second part came out, he was again so much pressed by the excitement it occasioned that he felt it necessary to his own reputation to read

employment'—AUBREY Evelyn, writing to Pepys in August, 1689, speaks of Butler's portrait as being hung in the Chancellor's dining-room, 'and, what was most agreeable to his lordship's general humour, old Chaucer, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, who were both in one piece, Spenser, Mr Waller, Cowley, Hudibras, which last was placed in the room where he used to eat and dine in public, most of which, if not all, are at Cornbury, in Oxfordshire.' Butler was constantly called *Hudibras* by his contemporaries. He is so called by Dryden.—See *post*, p. 26

* The fact is recorded in the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Mercurius Aulicus* of January 1—8, 1662 [3]—'There is stolen abroad a most false imperfect copy of a poem called *Hudibras*, without name either of printer or bookseller, as fit for so lame and spurious an impression. The true and perfect edition, printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Marriot, under St Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. That other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer, as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands.'

it, so he went to Paul's Churchyard, and 'there looked upon it;' but, prudently resolving not to lay out any more money on a production for which he had so little relish, he made up his mind to borrow it. Even this ingenious stratagem failed him. It was impossible to evade a satire which was in the mouth of everybody he met, and, accordingly, finding himself again in St Paul's Churchyard a few days afterwards, he bought both parts, as being 'the book now in greatest fashion, though,' he adds, 'I cannot, I confess, see where the wit lies '*

A work which supplied such an inexhaustible fund of amusement to the Court and the people, and, by the force of its inimitable ridicule, crowned the triumph of the Cavalier party with a new popularity, might be supposed to have brought some substantial advantages to its author, or at least to have rescued him from the anomalous condition of being at once famous and indigent. There is reason to believe, however, that the only favours he ever received from the King, the Chancellor, or any other quarter, were praises which excited his hopes, and promises which were never fulfilled.

It is said that the King bestowed a gratuity upon him; but the anecdote is accompanied by details which render it incredible, and which, if true, show that the benevolence of his Majesty bore no proportion to the necessities it professed to relieve. As the story runs, Charles II ordered Butler a donation of £3000, which, considering the state of his Majesty's exchequer, the illustrious prodigality with which its funds were squandered upon courtezans, and the parsimony with which they were administered to the wants of men of genius, may be regarded, without much hesitation, as a pure fable. The order was written in figures, and some person to

* Not long afterwards Pepys happened to meet Mr Seamour, a commissioner of prizes and a parliament man, whom he describes as being 'mighty high,' and he cannot sufficiently express his astonishment at hearing this gentleman quote *Hudibras* in the presence of Lord Brouncker and Sir John Minnes. The only way he could account for it was that *Hudibras* was the book he had read most, which is extremely probable.

whose hands it was confided cut off a cipher, and reduced the amount to £300. In this mutilated form it passed through the public offices, free of fees, at the solicitation of Mr. Longueville,* but Butler, being overwhelmed with debts, requested that gentleman to disburse the money amongst his creditors, so that the grant—supposing it to have been really made—never reached his hands. The grounds upon which this anecdote may be confidently rejected are obvious. That any person should have ventured to deface the King's warrant is as unlikely as that the King granted a warrant for so enormous an amount, and that the story, in this shape, was either unknown to Butler's biographers, or totally disbelieved by them, may be inferred from the fact that none of them allude to it, with the single exception of Chalmers, who does not appear to have believed it himself. The whole merit claimed for the King by any of the writers of Butler's life is that he bestowed a gratuity of £300 upon the poet, but if we trace this statement to its origin, we shall find that it rests on no better foundation than that of a loose report. The earliest notice of it occurs in the pleasant, but not always reliable, pages of Aubrey, who says that the King and the Chancellor promised Butler 'great matters, but to this day he has got no employment, only the King gave him . . . lib.' It is clear from the careless way in which this piece of information is communicated, that Aubrey merely repeated the idle gossip of the day, without being able to verify the fact, or supply the particulars. The writer of the *Life* prefixed to the edition of 1710 makes no reference to such a gratuity, nor to any bounty of any kind bestowed by the King on Butler, and the sum of £300 is specifically mentioned for the first time in the *General Dictionary*, published in 1734-41. The genealogy of the tradition is fatal to its authenticity; and of the subsequent biographers who have repeated it, Dr Nash alone considers it entitled to

* This story is related in a note by Chalmers, without any reference to the source from whence it was derived.

credit. Dr Johnson casually refers to it as a report, and is careful to add that he can find no proof of its truth

It is also said at second-hand, on the authority of Mr Lowndes, who was Secretary to the Treasury in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, that Charles II allowed Butler a pension of £100 a year * This statement is not only unsupported by a shred of evidence, but is contradicted in a very remarkable manner by all the evidence we possess. If Butler enjoyed a pension, it must have been known to Mr. Longueville, or some of his other friends, but Mr Longueville, who appears to have communicated all the particulars he knew, evidently never heard of it, and there is no fact in the life of Butler so unanimously testified by his contemporaries as the fact that he was neglected by the party he served, and that he died in want. That fact was patent and notorious at the time,† it is almost the only fact about which

* Dr Zachary Pearce, bishop of Rochester, communicated this statement to Granger, who published it in his *Bio Hist*, iv 40, third edition. Dr Nash quotes and adopts it, and seems to think that, under such circumstances, the outcry of the indigent poets against the Court for its treatment of Butler was rather unreasonable. It is curious that in the edition of Granger, from which the quotation is here taken, that of 1779 (in all probability the same that was consulted by Dr Nash), the amount of the pension is printed thus, 100 l, leaving a blank as if a third cipher had dropped out, so that the reader would be quite justified in supposing that the pension was £1000, which would, no doubt, represent the fact as accurately as £100.

† In the following passage from the contemporary poem entitled *Hudibras at Court*, the case of Butler is plainly stated

Now, you must know, Sir Hudibras
With such perfections gifted was,
And so peculiar in his manner,
That all that saw him did him honour
Among the rest this Prince was one,
Admired his conversation
This Prince, whose ready wit and parts
Conquered both men and women's hearts,
Was so o'ercome with knight and Ralph,
That he would never claw it off,
He never eat, nor drank, nor slept,
But Hudibras still near him kept,
Nor would he go to church, or so,
But Hudibras must with him go,

no doubt exists, it was proclaimed from the stage four years after his death in words which received his own sanction,* it was made a common theme of reproach by the poets and writers of the Restoration, and chiefly by those who were attached to the Court, and whose testimony on such a point is above suspicion,† it was recorded by Voltaire, in his

Nor yet to visit concubine,
 Or at a city feast to dine,
 But Hudibras must still be there,
 Or all the fat was in the fire
 Now after all, was it not hard,
 That he should meet with no reward,
 That fitted out this knight and squire,
 This monarch did so much admire ?
 That he should never reimburse
 The man for th' equipage, or horse,
 Is sure a strange ungrateful thing,
 In anybody but a king
 But this good king, it seems, was told,
 By some that were with him too bold,
 If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
 Caress your foes, and trust your friends
 Such were the doctrines that were taught,
 'Till this unthinking king was brought
 To leave his friends to starve and die,
 A poor reward for loyalty !

* Tell 'em how Spenser died, how Cowley mourned,
 How Butler's faith and service were returned

OTWAY—Prologue to *Constantine the Great*, 1684

These lines, written by a royalist poet who, himself, died of starvation in the following year, were not spoken on the stage till after Butler's death, as the date shows, but it appears, from a passage in Dr Nash's preface to *Hudibras*, that they were written during his lifetime, and sanctioned by his adoption, Butler having twice transcribed them, with a slight variation, in his MS common place book. Although Butler's fidelity to his principles restrained him from making his own case a ground of direct complaint against the king and his advisers, the reader cannot fail to perceive that the Third Part of *Hudibras*, published in 1678, when he must have relinquished all hope of reward, is full of satirical allusions to the follies and vices of the Court. In these allusions we cannot detect the language of a pensioner

† On Butler who can think without just rage,
 The glory, and the scandal of the age ?
 Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to town,
 Met everywhere with welcomes of renown,
 Courted, and loved by all, with wonder read,
 And promises of princely favour fed,

account of *Hudibras*, on the authority of our then current literary history,* and if additional evidence were necessary

But what reward for all had he at last,
 After a life in dull expectance passed?
 The wretch at summing up his misspent days
 Found nothing left, but poverty and praise,
 Of all his gains by verse he could not save
 Enough to purchase flannel and a grave,
 Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
 Was fain to die, and be interred on tick,
 And well might bless the fever that was sent,
 To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent —OLDHAM

Oldham was contemporary with Butler, and survived him only three years. These lines were quoted by Winstanley, also a contemporary, as an illustration of the treatment men of letters received from the Court, in the preface to his *Lives of the Poets*, licensed in June, 1686.

Aubrey says that, in the latter part of his life, Butler had no employment, and 'died in want'.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable contemporary authority on this subject is Roger North, the author of the *Examen*, who says in his *Life of Lord Guildford*, 'Mr Longueville was the last patron and friend that poor old Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, had and in his old age he supported him, other wise he might have been literally starved'.

Dryden bears the following testimony to Butler's destitution, and makes the skilful Hind throw the blame upon the church —

Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend,
 Has shown how far your charities extend,
 This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
 'He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead'

Hind and Panther

In a letter, conjectured to have been written about 1683, to the Earl of Rochester, Dryden pleading his own distresses, again alludes to the case of Butler—'It is enough for one age to have neglected Mr Cowley, and starved Mr Butler!'—and this, too, while Charles II yet occupied the throne.

'Butler,' says Dennis, 'was starved at the same time that the king had his book in his pocket' 'Was not his book,' says Colley Cibber, 'always in the pocket of his prince? And what did the mighty prowess of this knight-errant amount to? Why, he died, with the highest esteem of the Court, in a garret'.

To these passages may be added the following lines by Butler himself, which may be presumed to have a direct reference to his own experience —

Great wits have only been preferred
 In princes' trains to be interred,
 And, when they cost them nothing, placed
 Among their followers not the last,
 But, while they lived, were far enough
 From all admittances kept off —*Misc Thoughts*

* 'Butler tournant les ennemis du roi Charles II. en ridicule, et toute

to prove that Butler lived and died in destitution, it might be found inscribed upon his monument. Had Butler been in the receipt of a pension, it is not to be believed that his contemporaries should all have concurred in representing that he was nearly reduced to starvation by neglect; and that which was unknown to them cannot be implicitly accepted on the mere assertion of Mr. Lowndes, a hundred and twenty years afterwards

It is unnecessary to seek in Butler's work, or in his opinions, the causes of the indifference with which he was treated, for it must be allowed that the Court was perfectly impartial in its neglect of literary claims. Otherwise we might discover in the subject of his poem, and the integrity of his religious convictions, some suggestions of a special reason for consigning him to poverty. *Hudibras* came too late to render much practical service to the royalists. The struggle was over, the victory was won, the adherents of Cromwell were dispersed or dead, and the utmost that the ridicule of the poet could effect was to disinter the ascetic dogmas and dismal manners of Puritanism, and hold them up to derision and contempt. This was something, but it was an inferior merit to that of aiding in the contest, and contributing to the triumph, or to the still more valuable talent which was available for present and future uses. They, however, who, like Cowley, suffered in the Civil Wars, or, like Dryden, laboured zealously under the Restoration, fared little better. Nor can it be reasonably supposed that Butler's uncompromising Protestantism* had anything

la récompense qu'il en eut fut que le roi citait souvent ses vers. Les combats du chevalier Hudibras furent plus connus que les combats des anges et des diables du *Paradis perdu*, mais la cour d'Angleterre ne traita pas mieux le plaisant Butler, que la cour celeste ne traita le sérieux Milton, et tous deux moururent de faim ou à peu près.—
Lettres sur les Anglais

* Butler has freely expressed his opinions of the Church of Rome in prose and verse. Here are a few examples from his *Miscellaneous Thoughts*—

The Roman Mufti with his triple crown
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven own,
Beside th' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to in Purgatory;

to do with the ingratitude of royalty, since Charles found it convenient to make the same profession himself, and his successor ascended the throne with a pledge to maintain the Established Church. Upon the whole, there was nothing peculiar, or exceptional, in the case of Butler. He shared the same fate which, with greater or lesser severity, descended upon all the writers who supported the cause of the Stuarts.

In Butler's case the neglect of the Court was rendered conspicuous by the approbation of the people. But from this source, whatever consolation it may have yielded to his feelings, he derived little solid benefit. The avidity with which the poem was read, and the curiosity that looked impatiently for its sequel, generated a singular kind of literary fraud. The First Part was not only pirated, as already mentioned, but was followed by a spurious Second Part, which ran through three editions within the year, succeeded by another containing a continuation of the third canto. The author of *Hudibras* had introduced a new style of satire, which presented irresistible temptations to the small poets of the day. His ludicrous double rhymes, his short measure, and his familiar diction, would have been striking as novelties at any time; and it may be easily conceived that they were peculiarly effective coming so closely after the sombre reign of Puritanism, when their allusions were universally understood, and the whole manner of the poem—its broad humour and trenchant ridicule—fell in happily with the re-action

Declares himself an absolute free prince
In his dominions, only over sins, &c

A Jubilee is but a spiritual fair,
T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,
In which his Holiness buys nothing in
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin, &c

In the Church of Rome to go to shrift
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift

The Church of Rome teaches the people religion as men teach singing birds—shut them up, and keep them in the dark

The Popes, heretofore, used to send Christian princes to plant religion with the sword among Pagans, while they with tricks and artifices planted the pagan at home

that had taken place in the public mind. The popularity of the work threatened an inundation of laborious doggrel, and Butler might probably have been drifted into oblivion by a flood of imitators* if he had not vindicated his reputation by the speedy publication of the Second Part, which obtained the *imprimatur* of Sir Roger L'Estrange on the 5th Nov. 1663, and was published under the date of 1664, with a title-page, on which it was carefully announced as having been written 'by the author of the first,' to distinguish it from counterfeits †

After the publication of this Second Part, Butler seems to have gone down into obscurity. Several years elapse before any indication of his existence can be discovered. His mode and means of life during the interval were, no doubt, unsettled and precarious. Chilled by the hollowness of patronage, even the applause of the public did not inspire him with a sufficient motive to literary exertion, and it may be concluded from his long silence that he laid aside his work in disgust. How he was occupied between 1663 and 1678, when he published the third part, does not appear. Aubrey, who is copied by Wood, says that he was secretary to the Duke of Buckingham, when that nobleman was Chancellor of Cambridge, and that he might have had better

* The imitations of *Hudibras* were very numerous. In 1674 there appeared *Hogan Mogamdes, or, the Dutch Hudibras*, in 1682, Tom D'Urfey published *Butler's Ghost, or Hudibras the Fourth Part*, Ned Ward produced two imitations—*The Vulgus Britannicus, or, British Hudibras*, a continuation of *Hudibras* carried down to his own time, and *Hudibras Redivivus*, there were also *The Irish Hudibras*, *The Hudibrastic Brewer*, and many others. A list of some of the principal pieces written in imitation of Butler, concluding with *The Alma* of Prior, will be found in *The Retrospective Review*, vol. III, p. 307. It might be greatly enlarged, by the addition of a multitude of minor satires and pasquinades. Mr Mitford mentions a work he had seen, which appears to have been an attempt to carry out the spirit of *Hudibras* in a different form. It professed to have been written in the time of the 'late rebellion,' but was not published till 1682, and was entitled *Mercurius Menippeus, the Loyal Satirist, or Hudibras in Prose*.

† The publication was advertised, in the following perplexing terms, in the *Mercurius Publicus*, of the 20th Nov., 1663, 'Newly published, the Second Part of *Hudibras*, by the author of the former, which (if possible) has outdone the first.'

employments, but that his expectations were too ambitious, and so at last he had no employment at all * How far this account is likely to be true may be in some degree conjectured from the following anecdote related by Major Packe

‘Mr Wycheley had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered of representing to the Duke of Buckingham how well Mr Butler had deserved of the royal family by writing his inimitable *Hudibras*; and that it was a reproach to the Court, that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did The Duke seemed always to hearken to him with attention enough; and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his Majesty. Mr. Wycheley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. At last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was agreed to be the Roebuck. Mr Butler and his friend attended accordingly the Duke joined them; but as the d—l would have it, the door of the room where they sat was open, and his Grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a pump of his acquaintance (the creature too was a knight) trip up with a brace of ladies, immediately quitted his engagement, to follow another kind of business, at which he was more ready than in doing good offices to those of desert, though no one was better qualified than he was, both in regard to his fortune and understanding, to protect them, and, from that time to the day of his death, poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise’ †

This highly characteristic anecdote is much more probable than the vague report of Aubrey; and the character drawn by Butler of the Duke of Buckingham is conclusive of the fact that he could never have received any favours at his

* ‘He was secretary,’ says Aubrey, ‘to the Duke of Bucks, when he was Chancellor of Cambridge He might have had preferments at first, but he would not accept any except very good, so at last he had none at all, and died in want’

† *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* 1719.

hands It is impossible to conceive that, if Butler had been secretary to the Duke, or had been under any kind of obligations to him, he would have singled him out for special reprobation, in the only direct personal satire he is known to have written. The portrait transcends in severity the well-known lines on the same subject by Dryden and Pope.*

* The character, entitled 'A Duke of Bucks,' was published by Mr Thyer, and as it bears strictly upon the biography of Butler is here given entire 'A Duke of Bucks is one that has studied the whole body of vice His parts are disproportionate to the whole, and like a monster he has more of some, and less of others than he should have He has pulled down all that fabric that nature raised in him, and built himself up again after a model of his own He has dammed up all those lights that nature made into the noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loopholes backwards, by turning day into night, and night into day His appetite to his pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the pica in a woman, that longs to eat that which was never made for food, or a girl in the green sickness, that eats chalk and mortar Perpetual surfeits of pleasure have filled his mind with bad and vicious humours (as well as his body with a nursery of diseases) which makes him affect new and extravagant ways, as being tired and sick with the old Continual wine, women, and music put false values upon things, which by custom become habitual, and debauch his understanding so that he retains no right notion nor sense of things And as the same dose of the same physic has no operation on those that are much used to it, so his pleasures require a larger proportion of excess and variety to render him sensible of them He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all others that go by the new style, and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes He is a great observer of the Tartars' customs, and never eats till the great Cham, having dined, makes proclamation that all the world may go to dinner He does not dwell in his house, but haunt it, like an evil spirit that walks all night to disturb the family, and never appears by day He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his life, and loses his time, as men do their ways, in the dark, and as blind men are led by their dogs, so he is governed by some mean servant or other that relates to him his pleasures He is as inconstant as the moon, which he lives under, and, although he does nothing but advise with his pillow all day, he is as great a stranger to himself, as he is to the rest of the world His mind entertains all things very freely, that come and go, but, like guests and strangers, they are not welcome if they stay long This lays him open to all cheats, quacks, and impostors who apply to every particular humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish Thus with St Paul, though in a different sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the night He deforms nature, while he intends to adorn her, like Indians that hang jewels in their lips and noses His ears are perpetually drilled with a fiddlestick He endures pleasures with less patience

There is reason to believe that Butler at one period visited France, nor is it improbable that he may have also gone into Holland; a supposition, however, which rests on no better evidence than his satirical description of the country. In 1678 he published the Third Part of *Hudibras*, and the next notice of him closes the struggle of his life. He died on the 25th of September, 1680, in Rose-street, Covent Garden.

There are different accounts of the immediate cause of his death; but they all agree in the fact of his poverty. Chambers says, that he starved owing to his pride,* Aubrey tells us that he was much troubled with gout, particularly the year before, not stirring out of his chamber from October till Easter, and that he died of consumption, and Oldham speaks of the fever that terminated his sufferings.

The expenses of his interment were defrayed by his friend, Mr. Longueville,† who had in vain endeavoured to obtain a

than other men do pains'—*Genuine Remains*, vol. II p. 72, Ed. 1759. Dr. Johnson, in reference to Aubrey's anecdote, alludes to some verses of Butler's upon the Duke, published by Mr. Thyer, which, he says, 'are written with a degree of acrimony such as neglect and disappointment might naturally excite, and such as it would be hard to imagine Butler capable of expressing against a man who had any claim to his gratitude.' I have not been able to discover any verses published by Mr. Thyer to which this description would apply. The only piece which can be considered to reflect upon Buckingham is the *Satire on the Licentiousness of the Age*, but there the satire is general, and is applicable to Buckingham only in common with Rochester, Sedley, Etherege, and the rest of the profligate wits of the time.

* *Biographical Illustrations of Worcestershire*.

† Mr. William Longueville, a benchor of the Middle Temple, was one of the intimate friends and companions of the Lord Keeper Guildford. His character is drawn in the following passage by Roger North: 'His discourse was fluent, witty, literary, copious, and instructive, and those that did not well attend to him, or did not understand him, thought he talked too much. His excellence of conversation lay in a select society of one or two, but he had too much in him to allow more a due share in the conversation. He was a master of classic wit, and had the best Latin sentences from the orators, historians, and poets, at his tongue's end, and used to apply them significantly and with that judgment as cleared him of pedantry. His method was much after the way of epic compositions, full of digressions and episodes, but neither was the main let fall, nor time lost upon the by. His industry was indefatigable, and his integrity as the driven snow,

subscription to deposit his remains in Westminster Abbey. He was buried in the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden, the service being read by Dr Simon Patrick, at that time rector of the parish, and afterwards Bishop of Ely. The spot had been selected by Butler himself, in the north part, next the church at the east end 'His feet,' says Aubrey, 'touch the wall, his grave, two yards distant from the pilaster of the door (by his desire) six foot deep About twenty-five of his old acquaintances at his funeral, I myself being one'

Forty years passed away before any memorial of the author of *Hudibras* appeared in Westminster Abbey, when, in 1721, Mr Barber, a printer, and Lord Mayor of London, erected a monument to his memory, with the following inscription.

M S
 Samuelis Butleri,
 Qui Strenshamæ in agro Vigorn. nat 1612,
 obuit Lond 1680
 Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer,
 Operibus ingenu, non item præmiis felix
 Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius,
 Quo simulatæ religionis larvam detraxit,
 Et perduellum scelera liberrime exagitavit,
 Scriptorum in suo genere, primus et postremus
 Ne, cui vivo deerant ferè omnia,
 Deessit etiam mortuo tumulus,
 Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit
 Johannis Barber, civis Londinensis, 1721 *

and as few blunders (if any) have come from his chamber as from any of his pretensions His beginning was low, but he was the son of a cavalier father, who spent extravagantly what the tyranny of the times had left him, at last fell to his unprovided son to be maintained, not only in necessaries, but in extravagancies, and he, with incomparable piety and application, was a father to his father A good-natured six-clerk took a fancy to the young man, and gave him credit, by which he crept into that office, and at length made it his own, and in fit time he sold it By which he made a foundation of estate, and what with a match, by which he hath posterity, and his practice, he hath re-edified a ruined family—*Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*

* It was in reference to this monument and inscription, Wesley wrote the following well-known inscription —

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
 No generous patron would a dinner give,

Shortly after this monument was erected, some persons proposed to place in the church of Covent Garden a similar memorial, for which the following epitaph was written by Dennis.

Near this place lies interred
The body of Mr Samuel Butler,
Author of Hudibras
He was a whole species of poet in one
Admirable in a manner
In which no one else has been tolerable
A manner which began and ended in him,
In which he knew no guide,
And has found no followers
Nat. 1612. Ob 1680.

In 1786, when the church was undergoing repairs, a marble monument was built in the interior, on the south side, by some of the parishioners, inscribed with these lines.

This little monument was erected in the year 1786, by some of the parishioners of Covent Garden, in memory of the celebrated Samuel Butler, who was buried in this church,* A D 1680

A few plain men, to pomp and state unknown,
O'er a poor bard have raised this humble stone,
Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,
Victim of zeal! the matchless Hudibras!
What though fair freedom suffered in his page,
Reader, forgive the author for the age!
How few, alas! disdain to cringe and cant,
When 'tis the mode to play the sycophant
But, oh! let all be taught from Butler's fate,
Who hope to make their fortunes by the great,
That wit and pride are always dangerous things,
And little faith is due to courts and kings.

While in London, where Butler died, these tributes to his genius were set up at intervals by men of opposite principles, the place of his birth remained without any memorial until within the last few years, when a white marble tablet, with florid canopy, crockets, and finial, was placed in the

See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone

* This is an error The grave of Butler is outside the wall of the church

parish church of Strensham, by John Taylor, of Strensham Court, Esq, upon whose estate the poet was born. In the design is a small figure of Hudibras, and the face of the tablet bears the following simple inscription.

This tablet was erected to the memory of Samuel Butler, to transmit to future ages that near this spot was born a mind so celebrated. In Westminster Abbey, among the poets of England, his fame is recorded. Here, in his native village, in veneration of his talents and genius, this tribute to his memory has been erected by the possessor of the place of his birth—John Taylor, Strensham

The few personal traits reported of Butler represent him to have been a man of retired habits and singular modesty, silent in general company, but free and cheerful with his friends, amongst whom may be specially mentioned Cleveland, Hobbes, and D'Avenant. Between D'Avenant and Butler a close social intercourse seems to have existed. 'Sir William would sometimes,' says Aubrey, 'when he was pleasant over a glass of wine with his most intimate friends, *e. g.* Sam. Butler (author of *Hudibras*), &c, say that it seemed to him that he wrote with the very spirit of Shakspeare, and seemed contented enough to be thought his son.' Yet, notwithstanding their friendship, the weak points of *Gondibert* did not escape the good-humoured irony of Butler.

Aubrey has left us two descriptions of Butler's personal appearance. 'he is of a middle stature, strong sett, high coloured, a head of sorrel hair, a severe and sound judgment: a good fellow;' which last item corresponds accurately with Wood's account, who says 'he was a boon and witty companion, especially among the company he knew well.' Again, 'he was of a leonine-coloured hair, sanguine, choleric, middle-sized, strong.' Several portraits of Butler have been preserved. two by Soest, at the Bodleian, and at Drayton Manor; a third at Lord Howe's, at Gopsal, formerly belonging to Mr. Charles Jennens, said by Granger to be also by Soest; and a fourth by Lely, at Oxford. There are others in the possession of Lord Somers, at Eastnor Castle, Mr. Rackster, of Pershore, and Mr. Welch, of Hereford. The

Clarendon portrait, spoken of by Evelyn and Aubrey, painted by Lely, became the property of Mr Longueville, and afterwards of Mr Hayter, of Salisbury, but has not been traced since.

In addition to *Hudibras*, Butler's productions are neither numerous nor important. In 1715 three small volumes were published, professing to contain his posthumous works; but their contents were spurious, with the exception of three short pieces. These volumes had a considerable sale, and, in 1720, reached a sixth edition. Butler's authentic MSS were bequeathed to Mr Longueville, and from this collection, chiefly fragmentary, Mr Thyer, of Manchester, made a selection, embracing all the pieces that were of sufficient length and substance for publication, which he printed in two volumes in 1759, under the title of *Genuine Remains*. The rest—consisting of notes and scraps, including Butler's *Commonplace Book*—passed into the hands of Dr Farmer and Dr. Nash. Amongst these reliques, Dr Nash found part of a tragedy called *Nero*, and a translation into French, already alluded to, of Coke's *Commentary on Littleton*.

Wood ascribes two pamphlets to Butler, which he says were falsely attributed to Prynne; *Mola Asinaria*, printed privately in 1659, and reprinted in 1715, and *William Prynne's Answer to one John Audland, a Quaker*, 1672. Of other works nothing is known with certainty. It was said that Butler had a share in *The Rehearsal*, that he assisted Lord Roos in answering a statement concerning his divorce published by the Marquis of Dorchester, and that he contributed, with Cowley and Sir John Berkenhead, to a miscellaneous volume called *Wit and Loyalty revived*. But it would be of little interest to follow him through these doubtful productions. His fame rests exclusively on *Hudibras*.

POEMS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.

H U D I B R A S.

IN THREE PARTS

[THE name of *Hudibras* was, perhaps, borrowed from Spenser, by whom it appears to have been either invented, or first used* The plan of the poem is drawn from Cervantes. *Hudibras* and *Ralph* are diametric counterparts, however widely they diverge in some particulars, of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza* The relations of knight and squire are identical in both, and both go forth in search of adventures, differing only in their objects The situations in which they become involved complete the parallel, so far as the limited action of the poem proceeds But their characters are widely contrasted *Hudibras* is designed by the author as a mark for derision and contempt, while *Don Quixote* always awakens our sympathy, and sometimes commands our respect *Sancho*, with his shrewd proverbs, his cunning, and his practical common-sense, supplies a running commentary on the visionary theories of *Don Quixote*, while *Ralph* is, in his way, as fanatical as his master, opposes him with the same weapons of argument and irony, and illustrates with equal effect another phase of the same sectarian extravagance.

The likeness pointed out by Voltaire between *Hudibras*

* He that made love unto the eldest dame
Was hight Sir Hudibras, an hardy man.

F Queen, II. I.

and the *Satyre Ménippée*, a burlesque upon the proceedings of the League, consists in nothing more than the selection of a similar subject, and the treatment of it in its ridiculous aspects * In both, the calamities of civil dissension, which in the reality cost so much blood and tears, are depicted with such irresistible humour as to make the most serious reader laugh, but, beyond this general resemblance there is no further similitude whatever The form of the *Satyre Ménippée*, written in prose with a mixture of verse, is essentially different, and its merits are altogether of an inferior order That Butler was acquainted with it, and derived some suggestions from it, is not improbable, but, with the exception of a well-known passage, the original of which, however, is doubtful,† there is not a trace of imitation of that work to be detected throughout the poem ‡

The main design of *Hudibras* is to hold up to ridicule the conduct, manners, and doctrines of the sectaries, exhibited in strong relief during the Civil Wars *Hudibras* himself represents the Presbyterians, and *Ralph* the Independents, whose jealousies occupy as prominent a place as their combined action against the King's party and the Established Church The superstitions, profligacies, and pedantry of the age are also included in this comprehensive satire, which presents upon the whole a complete picture of the social and theological phases of the Commonwealth, and the opening years of the Restoration.

* 'Les bourgeois de Paris, à la tête de la faction des seize, mélaient l'impertinence aux horreurs de la faction Les intrigues des femmes, des légats, et des moines, avaient un cote comique, malgré les calamités qu'elles apportèrent Les disputes théologiques et l'enthousiasme des puritains en Angleterre étaient très susceptibles de railleries, et ce fond de ridicule bien développé pouvait devenir plaisant, en écartant les horreurs tragiques qui le couvraient'—*Lettres sur les Anglais*

† See note on Part II, c 3

‡ The *Satyre Ménippée* bears the date of 1593, but was not published till the following year The whole purpose of the work is to turn into ridicule the acts of the League, who were then masters of Paris The authorship is generally ascribed to Leroy, canon of Rouen, and chaplain to the Cardinal de Bourbon but Passerat, Pithou, Rapin, and others, are said to have had some share in its production

The most conspicuous qualities of this great and unique work are its inexhaustible, original wit, and the extensive learning that is brought to bear upon its multifarious topics. 'It is scarcely possible,' says Dr. Johnson, in his memorable criticism upon *Hudibras*, 'to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment.' Of the marvellous variety of knowledge displayed in its pages, he observes that Butler shows himself qualified to expand and illustrate his subject with all the accessories books can furnish, that he has 'not only travelled the beaten road, but the by-paths of literature, not only taken general surveys, but examined particulars with minute inspection. If the French,' he adds, 'boast the learning of Rabelais, we need not be afraid of confronting them with Butler'

The interest, which never flags, arises solely from the wit and humour with which the scanty incidents are depicted, and the disputations and dialogues are sustained. Over these the reader lingers with increasing pleasure to the end, hardly conscious of the deficiency of dramatic movement. The action bears no proportion to the length of the poem, or to the burlesque importance with which the genius of the author has invested its most trivial features. The whole of the First Part and the first canto of the Second Part occupy only a single day, and the contests with *Crowdero* and *Trulla*, the victory over *Sidrophel*, and the adventure with the widow, comprise the entire story. Like *Gondibert* and the *Franciade*, which Butler banters so pleasantly in the argument to the first canto, *Hudibras* may be said to 'break off in the middle' The disappointment is felt, however, only in finding the poem, long as it is, end so soon. We cannot reasonably complain of the want of a systematic termination to a work begun without a plan, and trusting wholly for its success to impulse and felicitous execution.

The measure, in the way in which it is here managed, may be said to have been first conceived by Butler. We have no

previous example of this kind of syllabification, by which a new elastic property is developed in language. The difficulty of making accentuation an agent of humour, may be estimated from the failure of all attempts at imitation—and they are legion. The rhymes constitute one of the extraordinary features of the poem and, notwithstanding the judgment pronounced upon them by Dryden and Addison, must be considered an integral element, not merely in the structure of the verse, but in the satire itself. Pope, when he was projecting a collection of the best examples of different kinds of writing, selected Butler and Swift as illustrations of the burlesque style. But the wilfulness of these incongruous rhymes, and their daring and triumphant excesses, ascend into a higher region than burlesque. Pope did not appreciate Butler, and appears to have missed the aim of *Hudibras*. 'Butler,' he says, 'set out on too narrow a plan, and even that design is not kept up. He sinks into little particulars about the widow, &c. The enthusiastic knight, and the ignorant squire, over-religious in two different ways, and always quarrelling together, is the chief point of view.*' There is surely a deeper aim in *Hudibras* than the quarrels of the knight and his squire. Nor can that plan be said to be narrow, which is so unconfined as to be capable of expansion at will; and whatever may be thought of the theological tenets or political principles of *Ralph*, it can hardly be alleged with truth, that he is ignorant of the topics upon which he discourses with such zeal and subtlety. Johnson said that there was 'more thinking in Milton and Butler than in any of our poets,'† and it will not be denied that *Ralph* contributes his full share.

The First Part of *Hudibras* was published in 1663; and the Second Part in 1664. These were reprinted together, with alterations and notes by Butler, in 1674. The Third Part, without notes, was published in 1678. Notes were added to this Part after Butler's death, but it is not known by whom.

* Spence's *Anecdotes* Ed. Singer, p. 208

† Boswell.

It would appear from a communication in the *Gentleman's Magazine* that Butler contemplated notes to the whole poem. The writer states, on the authority of a MS. memorandum of Dr Ducarel, 1755, that 'Mr Lydal, late fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, had *Hudibras* with Butler's own MS notes,' he adds, however, that he can find no such name among the Cambridge graduates *

Subsequent editions appeared in 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704, 1710, and 1726. Dr Richard Wilkes, the historian of Staffordshire, contemplated an edition of *Hudibras* with notes, but did not carry his design into execution,† and Mr. Samuel Wesley formed collections for the same purpose, but what progress he made, or what became of his materials, is not known ‡

In 1744, Dr Grey published an edition of *Hudibras* with elaborate annotations. The work had a considerable subscription, and realized a sum of £1500. It was severely attacked by the critics, but it has survived its assailants. The industry and learning of Dr Grey enabled him to throw floods of light into the most obscure passages of the poem; and, although his judgment is not always sound, and he heaps up much extraneous matter in his notes, he laid a solid foundation for the labours of all succeeding editors. He committed the mistake of adopting the text of the early editions instead of that of 1674, which contains Butler's final alterations, and, believing in the genuineness of the *Posthumous Works*, afterwards shown by Mr Thyer to be spurious, he frequently quotes them in illustration and support of facts and points of criticism. This latter error has been rectified in a costly reprint of his edition published in 1819, to which some useful matter was added.

Dr Nash published an annotated edition of *Hudibras* in 1793, the main object of which was, as stated in the preface, 'to remove the difficulties arising from fluctuations of lan-

* *Gentleman's Magazine* October, 1792

† *Censura Literaria*, iii 222

‡ Nash's *Hudibras*, i xxxi.

guage, disuse of customs, &c , and to point out some of the passages in the Greek and Roman authors to which the poet alludes.' In this edition, Dr. Nash judiciously availed himself of the labours of Dr. Grey, and by adopting the text of 1674, presented the poem in a purer form.

The edition now submitted to the public is founded upon a careful examination of former editions, from the earliest to the last reprint of that by Dr Nash. The text has been carefully collated, and cleared^d of obsolete orthography, obscurities arising from vague or false punctuation have been removed, and many errors of the press, which had been implicitly copied in successive impressions, have been corrected. The edition of 1674, containing the First and Second Parts revised by Butler, has been, with few exceptions, followed throughout; and wherever any variances occur they are explained and reasons assigned for them at the foot of the pages. In the annotations, special regard has been had to the brief notes which are either known, or supposed, to have been written by Butler; and additional illustrations have been drawn from the fragments published by Mr Thyer, in some of which are to be traced the germs of passages afterwards enlarged in *Hudibras*. The researches of Drs. Grey and Nash have been attentively examined, and none of their essential features have escaped observation. Notes taken directly from them are indicated by the initials, G. and N, affixed to them, and in other cases authorities are acknowledged in other forms. Much new matter has been added, particularly in reference to the social life of the period, towards a fuller knowledge of which many valuable contributions have been made since the appearance of the edition by Dr Nash, and the notes have been compiled with the utmost brevity, consistent with perspicuity of statement and popular exposition.

Some account of the translations that have been made of *Hudibras*, which Voltaire declared to be untranslatable, will be found in the Supplemental Notes.]

PART I — CANTO I

THE ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
 The manner how he sallied forth,
 His arms and equipage are shown,
 His horse's virtues, and his own
 Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle
 Is sung, but breaks off in the middle *

WHEN civil fury† first grew high,
 And men fell out, they knew not why;
 When hard words,‡ jealousies, and fears,
 Set folks together by the ears,
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For Dame Religion, as for punk,
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
 When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout,§ to battle sounded,
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick,||

* Ronsarde's *Franciade* and Davenant's *Gondibert*, both unfinished, are supposed by Warburton to be ridiculed in this line

† Originally printed *civil dudgeon*, altered by Butler, in the second edition, to *civil fury*. The alteration was followed in the four succeeding editions, but in 1704 the original reading was reverted to, and has been adopted by all subsequent editors, including Dr Grey, till Dr Nash restored the author's emendation. Except in a purely bulesque sense, the word *dudgeon* does not convey the meaning obviously intended to be expressed.

‡ The jargon of the sectaries, such as *gospel-walking*, *soul-saving*, the *elect*, the *predestinate*, the *saints*, the *malignants*, the *godless*. They set the people, says Dr Grey, against the Common Prayer, which they made them believe was the Mass in English, and nicknamed it Porridge, and enraged them also against the surplice, calling it a rag of popery, the whore of Babylon's smock, &c.

§ And pricks up his predestinating ears

DRYDEN — *Hind and Panther*.

The ears of the Presbyterians appeared long from the same cause which procured for them the name of Round-heads—the custom of cutting their hair close, which gave great prominence to the ears.

|| The whole description refers to the violence of the preachers, who, from the pulpit, excited the people to take up arms against the King

Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling *

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
That never bent his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry, †
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant,
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle, ‡
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war, as well as peace
So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise, or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain,
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool,
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat, §

* Sir Samuel Luke, in addition to his scout-mastership and his other offices, was colonel of a regiment of foot. The passage, however, is equally applicable to the whole class, of which Sir Samuel was a prominent member.

† The Presbyterians refused to kneel at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and insisted upon receiving it in a sitting or standing posture.—See Baxter's *Life*, &c. In some of the kirks in Scotland, the pews are so made, that it is very difficult for any one to kneel—N.

‡ Swaddle has two legitimate meanings—to beat or cudgel, and to swathe, or bind up with bandages or clothing. From the latter is derived the verb *swathe*, and the adjective *swaddling* clothes. The sense in which it is here used is not very certain. The term swaddler was also applied in derision as a nickname to the sectaries, in that sense, to swaddle meant to affect the puritanical forms.

§ When I am playing with my cat, says Montaigne in his *Essays*,

Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibias,
 For that's the name our valiant knight
 To all his challenges did write
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was not such;
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it;
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holy-days, or so,
 As men their best apparel do
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted,
 But much of either would afford
 To many, that had not one word.
 For* Hebrew roots, although they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground,
 He had such plenty, as sufficed
 To make some think him circumcised,
 And truly so, perhaps, he was,
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case †
 He was in logic a great critic, ‡
 Profundly skilled in analytic,

who knows but I make her more sport than she makes me?—nay, that she laughs at and censures my folly in making sport for her, and even pities me that I do not understand her better?

* As to

† This couplet is an alteration of one in the first edition, which contained a coarseness Butler afterwards struck out

‡ The succeeding passage may be regarded not only as a general satire on the abuses and affectation of learning, but as having a special application to the period, in reference to people who rose during the Civil Wars to places of trust and responsibility. These justices of peace, observes Lord Clarendon, were raised out of a class of persons who had previously been of no higher grade than constables, and the town of

He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south, and south-west side,
 On either which he would dispute
 Confute, change hands, and still confute,
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse,
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.*
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination.
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope,
 And when he happened to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,†
 H' had hard words, ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by;
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talked like other folk.
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
 But, when he pleased to show't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich,
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learnèd pedants much affect.
 It was a parti-coloured dress
 Of patched and piebald languages;

Chelmsford is said, at the beginning of the wars, to have been governed by a tinker, two cobblers, two tailors, and two pedlars. Out of these unpromising materials, nevertheless, important results were achieved.

* Committees were formed in many parts of the country under the authority of Parliament, with plenary local powers.

† Coughing and hemming were cultivated as graces by the popular preachers, to give effect to particular passages, and when they printed their sermons it was not unusual to mark in the margin, somewhat after the manner of stage directions, the places where these embellishments were to be introduced.

'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin,*
 It had an old promiscuous tone
 As if h' had talked three parts in one;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 Thus he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large;
 For he could coin, or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit;†
 Words so debased and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on,
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em;
 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangued, but known his phrase,
 He would have used no other ways.‡

* The fashion of slashed doublets belongs to the Vandyke period, and was introduced in the time of Charles I. The doublet of the Cavaliers was generally of silk, satin, or velvet, with large loose sleeves, lashed up the front. The description in the text of the fustian, lashed or cut to admit of the satin being seen through it, seems to apply to a fashion which had then gone out, but no such fashion existed anterior to Charles I. During the Civil Wars, there was as much confusion and difference of opinion in the matter of costume, as in politics and religion.

† Alluding to the singular phrases invented by the Presbyterians—such as *out-goings*, *carryings-on*, *workings-out*, *nothingness*, &c.—thus, says Addison, converting our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm. Some of these phrases, however, have taken root, and are now colloquially used.

‡ These four lines were not in the first edition, but were added in the edition of 1674. Amongst Butler's posthumous MSS., the first draught of the lines appears to be contained in the following fragment —

- That had the greatest orator
 Of all the Greeks, who heretofore

In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater *
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale,
 Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight, †
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by Algebra

Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over,
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith ‡
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore,
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go.
 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion served, would quote,
 No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell;
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done §

Did fill his mouth with pebble stones,
 To learn the better to pronounce,
 But known his harder rhetoric,
 He would have used no other trick

* Erra Pater seems to be intended for Lilly, the astrologer. The nickname appears to have been previously applied in a similar way to other pretenders to the occult sciences, it was also a common name for the prophetic almanac Tycho Brahe, the famous Danish astronomer, and author of the system which bears his name, was born 19th December, 1546, and died at Prague, 24th October, 1601.

† The insinuation against the officious justice is that he made a great show of knowledge and authority in hunting-up small offences, and in making seizures and inflicting fines.

‡ This couplet was first inserted in the edition of 1674.

§ This is a satire, says Warburton, against those philosophers who took their ideas of substances to be the combination of nature, and not the arbitrary workmanship of the human mind, and that the essence

He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts;
 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghost of defunct bodies fly;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congealed in northern air.*
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly.
 In school-divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable;
 A second Thomas, or, at once
 To name them all, another Duns;†
 Profound in all the Nominal
 And Real ways, beyond them all.‡
 And, with as delicate a hand,
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand,§

of each sort is more than the abstract idea. It is more probable that the meaning is, as suggested by Dr Nash, that Hudibras had a jumble of many confused notions in his head, which he could not apply to any useful purpose, or, rather, which frequently led him into mistakes. The whole passage shows Butler's familiarity with metaphysical studies.

* The notion of this pleasantry of frozen words occurs in *Rabelais*, b iv ch 56.

† This couplet, which appeared in the first edition, was afterwards omitted by Butler. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, born in 1224, died at the early age of 50, and was canonized. His labours upon school-divinity acquired for him the titles of Angelic Doctor and Eagle of Divines. Johannes Duns Scotus, a man of great learning, flourished towards the close of the thirteenth century, and died at Cologne in 1308. He was a strong opponent of the doctrines of Thomas Aquinas, and acquired by his logical acuteness the title of the Subtle Doctor. The Irrefragable alluded to in a previous line was Alexander Hales, who lived about the middle of the thirteenth century. His high reputation in school-divinity is marked by the title applied to him of Doctor Irrefragable, or Invincible Doctor.

‡ William Occam was the founder of the Nominals—Johannes Duns Scotus of the Reals. This couplet was introduced in the edition of 1674.

§ This couplet stood originally—

For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist.

The alteration was made in the edition of 1674.

I. BUTLER.

And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
 That's empty when the moon is full,*
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnishèd
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice,
 As if Divinity had caught
 The itch, on purpose to be scratched,
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to show with how small pain
 The sores of Faith are cured again,
 Although by woful proof we find,
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,†
 Could tell in what degree it lies,
 And, as he was disposed, could prove it,
 Below the moon, or else above it
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side.
 Whether the devil tempted her
 By an High Dutch interpreter,
 If either of them had a navel ‡
 Who first made music malleable. §
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,
 Had cloven feet, or none at all. ||

* Alluding to the vulgar notion of the influence of the moon on the brain Hence the term lunatics

† The geographical position of Paradise was an inquiry upon which much grave discussion was at one period expended by men of unquestionable erudition

‡ It had long been held to be a great absurdity to suppose that Adam and Eve, who were not born, but created, had navels The physical reasons assigned for this opinion were sanctioned by respectable authority, amongst others that of Bishop Cumberland — See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*

§ Pythagoras is said to have made the discovery of music upon passing a blacksmith's shop, and noting the different sounds produced on the anvil by the hammers, according to their different weights

|| The conjecture that the serpent must have had feet originally arises

All this, without a gloss, or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter
When they throw out, and miss the matter.

For his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian, true blue,*
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints,† whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,‡
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows, and knocks,
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done,
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.

from the curse which condemned him to go upon his belly The inference drawn by some commentators is that he had previously gone erect upon his tail

* Blue was the usual livery of servants—hence, perhaps, it came to be proverbially regarded as the colour of service or fidelity It was commonly the habit of beadles and other officers —

— Came a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blue coats, twelve or fourteen strong

DONNE — *Sat* 1.

The expression 'true blue' is found in the old proverb—True blue will never stain

† Literally itinerant or wandering saints, who go about on a mission of propagandism—in this instance enforcing their doctrines by fire and sword

‡ Upon these Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the King by force from Holdenby for when his Majesty asked him for a sight of his instructions, Joyce said he should see them presently, and so, drawing up his troop in the inward court, 'These, sir,' said the Cornet, 'are my instructions'—ECHARD.

A sect, whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies,*
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss;
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick.
 That with more care keep holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way;†
 Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to:
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipped God for spite.
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly,
 Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend—plum-porridge,
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.

* A sect whose religion consisted less in the articles in which it believed, than in its opposition to articles held by others. Thus the Presbyterians opposed all the pastimes and amusements of the people, particularly those which had any connexion with the Church: they especially objected to the eating of pies and plum-porridge at Christmas, which they denounced as sinful, and carried their hostility even into matters of costume, such as the mode of dressing hair, and the shape of the dress.

† The Presbyterians strained their opposition so far as to keep a sort of Lent at Christmas by converting the festival into a fast. The crusade against Christmas and its traditional 'good cheer' is thus noticed in one of the ballads of the day —

Gone are the golden days of yore,
 When Christmas was a high-day,
 Whose sports we now shall see no more,
 'Tis turned into Good-Friday.

The abolition of the Christmas festivities is a frequent subject of irony and sarcasm in the songs of the Cavaliers.

Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,*
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the advowson of his conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accoutered,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward
That next of all we shall discuss,
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face,
In cut and die so like a tile,†
A sudden view it would beguile,
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mixed with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns,‡
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.

* The ass is the milk-white beast, called Alborach, upon which Mahomet rode to heaven, and by the widgeon must be understood the pigeon that was trained by Mahomet to pick seeds out of his ear, so that it might be thought to be the messenger of inspired communications. It seems that the breed of that favoured pigeon was long preserved at Mecca with superstitious care.

† In the time of Charles I the beard was generally worn sharply peaked, and the hair long over the neck. Powder appears to have been sometimes worn. John Owen, Dean of Christchurch and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, 1652, is described, 'in querpō like a young scholar, with powdered hair, snake-bone bandstrings, a lawn band, a large set of ribands pointed at the knees, Spanish leather boots with large lawn tops, and his hat most curiously cocked.' The cultivation of the beard was an object of serious concern. 'They were so curious in the management of them,' says Dr. Grey, 'that some had pasteboard cases to put over them in the night, lest they should turn upon them, and rumple them in their sleep.'

‡ As a comet is supposed to portend some dire calamities to the state, so this beard, dedicated to the Parliament, menaced the fall of the monarchy.

Like Samson's heart-breakers,* it grew
 In time to make a nation rue,
 Though it contributed its own fall,
 To wait upon the public downfall
 It was canonic,† and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow,‡
 Of rule as sullen and severe
 As that of rigid Cordeliere §
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution
 And martyrdom with resolution,
 T' oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensèd state,
 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pulled and torn,
 With red-hot irons to be tortured,
 Reviled, and spit upon, and martyred:
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
 As long as monarchy should last,
 But when the state should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A sacrifice to fall of state,||

* The 'heart-breakers' were loose flying locks worn by ladies over their shoulders

† Originally *monastic*—changed by Butler in the ed 1674

‡ This vow is chronicled in the burlesque ballad of *The Cobbler and Vicar of Bray* Here again the beard is described as a meteor —

This worthy knight was one that swore
 He would not cut his beard,
 'Till this ungodly nation was
 From kings and bishops cleared
 Which holy vow he firmly kept,
 And most devoutly wore
 A grisly meteor on his face,
 'Till they were both no more

§ A friar of the Franciscan Order, called in England (where they first established themselves in 1224) a Grey Friar They wore a knotted cord tied round the waist—hence the name of Cordeliere

|| This custom of offering up the beard, or the hair of the head, as a sacrifice, may be traced to a remote antiquity, and seems to be a remnant of the Jewish law For a passage where Arcite makes

Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever,
 But with his rusty sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow
 So learned Taliacotius,^a from
 The brawny part of porter's bum,
 Cut supplemental noses, which
 Would last as long as parent breech
 But when the date of Nock[†] was out,
 Off dropped the sympathetic snout
 His back, or rather burthen, showed
 As if it stooped with its own load
 For as Æneas bore his sire
 Upon his shoulders through the fire,
 Our knight did bear no less a pack
 Of his own buttocks on his back,

a vow to devote his beard to Mars, see *Chaucer's Poems*, Ann Ed
 1 167 —

And eek to this avow I wol me bynde
 My berd, myn heer that hangeth longe adoun,
 That never yit ne fell offensoun
 Of rasour ne of schere, I wol thee give,
 And be thy tiewe servaunt whiles I lyve

* Gasper Taliacotius, a professor of surgery at Bologna, where he died in 1599, published a treatise on the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c The practice is ridiculed in a humorous paper in the *Tatler*, but there is no doubt that the operation has been frequently performed with success So lately as 1815 Mr Carpue published an account of 'two successful operations for restoring a lost nose, from the integuments of the forehead, in cases of two officers of his majesty's army' Taliacotius was not the originator of the art, it had been practised by Vesalius, the anatomist, and one or two others before his time The magistrates of Bologna had so high an opinion of his skill, that they erected a statue of him, holding a nose in his hand

† Literally a notch, or slit—hence *nock*, which is a corruption of it, used also to imply something of a different material added to finish off anything It was likewise applied figuratively to the posteriors, but the more usual term in that sense was *nock-and-o* —

Blest be Dulcinea, whose favour I beseeching,
 Rescued poor Andrew, and his nock-andro from breeching
 GAYTON'S *Fest Notes*.

Which now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
 To poise this equally, he bore
 A paunch of the same bulk before,
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well-crammed with thrifty fare;
 As white-pot,* butter-milk, and curds,
 Such as a country-house affords,
 With other victual, which anon
 We farther shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who feared no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches was of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen,
 To old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own.†
 Through they were lined with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
 And fat black-puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood.
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry victual in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice‡
 The ammunition to surprise;
 And when he put a hand but in
 The one or t' other magazine,
 They stoutly on defence on't stood,
 And from the wounded foe drew blood;

* A Devonshire dish, commonly called Devonshire white-pot —G.

Cornwall squab-pie, and Devon white-pot brings,
 And Leicester beans and bacon fit for kings

KING — *Art of Cookery*.

† Henry VIII. besieged Boulogne in 1544

‡ This and the following seven lines were introduced into the edition of 1674.

And till th' were stormed and beaten out,
 Ne'er left the fortified redoubt,
 And though knights errant, as some think,
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,*
 Because when thorough deserts vast,
 And regions desolate, they passed
 Where belly-timber above ground,
 Or under, was not to be found,
 Unless they grazed, there's not one word
 Of their provision on record,
 Which made some confidently write,
 They had no stomachs but to fight.
 'Tis false, for Arthur wore in hall
 Round table like a farthingale,†
 On which, with shirt pulled out behind,
 And eke before, his good knights dined.
 Though 'twas no table some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
 In which he carried as much meat,
 As he and all the knights could eat,
 When laying by their swords and truncheons,
 They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons ‡
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digressed,
 As learnèd authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

* ' Though I think I have read as many histories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never could find that knights errant ever eat, unless it were by mere accident, when they were invited to great feasts and royal banquets, at other times, they indulged themselves with little other food besides their thoughts '—*Don Quixote*

† The stately farthingale (said to have been first worn by pregnant women) was a vast petticoat sustained by circles of hoops of whalebone, which extended it to a great circumference round the wearer. It went out, together with the steeple-crowned hat, the starched ruff, and formal stomacher, at the time of the Restoration. The hoop, which was worn to the beginning of the reign of George IV, was the last relic of the farthingale.

‡ A substitute for a regular meal. A *nunch* was equivalent to what would now be called a luncheon, and *nuncheon* was a sufficient supply to answer for a luncheon.

His puissant sword unto his side,*
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both.
 In it he melted lead for bullets,
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,†
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of some body to hew and hack
 The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
 The rancour of its edge had felt,
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
 And so much scorned to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not show its face
 In many desperate attempts,
 Of warrants, exigents,‡ contempts,
 It had appeared with courage bolder
 Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder,
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And prisoners too, or made them run
 This sword a dagger had,§ his page,
 That was but little for his age
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights errant do

* The sword was attached to the person by a girdle and hanger, so fastened that it might be easily drawn In a description of Oliver Cromwell, by Sir Philip Warwick, it is stated that 'his sword was stuck close to his side'

† Toledo, the capital of New Castile, celebrated for its manufacture of swords The epithet trenchant is properly applied to the sword of Hudibras, as it was one of the instructions issued to the cavalry that their swords should be stiff, that is broad and strong, cutting and sharp-pointed

‡ A writ issued to bring a person to an outlawry, if he does not appear to answer the suit commenced against him —N

§ The dagger was not usually worn by mounted soldiers, but the knight followed his own whims in such matters

It was a serviceable dudgeon,*
 Either for fighting or for drudging †
 When it had stabbed, or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,‡
 Where this, and more, it did endure,

* The *dudgeon* was properly not the dagger itself, but the haft or handle, made of box. The root of the box-tree, of which these handles were made, was called *dudgeon*. A dudgeon-dagger, or a dudgeon-haft dagger, was a small sword, with a box handle. There are many examples illustrative of the use of the word —

—— I see thee still,

And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before — *Macbeth*, II. 1

Thou for the edge, and I for the point, will make the fool bestride our mistress' back, and then have at the bag with the dudgeon haft, that is, at the dudgeon dagger by which hangs his tantony pouch — *LYLY* — *Mother Bombe*, II. 1

† Fit for fighting, or for any convenient domestic uses to which it could be applied

‡ Cromwell was the son of a brewer in Huntingdonshire, Pride had been a brewer, and Hewson (originally a shoemaker) and Scott were brewers' clerks. The innumerable sarcastic allusions to the brewers in the Rump songs are thus explained. Cromwell particularly was taunted with his origin in these satirical effusions. The following is a specimen, from a song called *The Brewer* —

Of all professions in the town,
 The Brewer's trade hath gained renown,
 His liquor reacheth up to the crown,
 Which nobody can deny

Many new lords from him there did spring,
 Of all the trades he still was their king,
 For the Brewer had the world in a sling,
 Which nobody can deny

He scorneth all laws and martial stops,
 But whips an army as round as tops,
 And cuts off his foes as thick as hops,
 Which nobody can deny

He dives for riches down to the bottom,
 And cries, 'My masters,' when he had got 'em,
 'Let every tub stand upon his own bottom,'
 Which nobody can deny

There is another song on the same subject, called *The Protecting Brewer*,

But left the trade, as many more .
Have lately done, on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two agèd pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legged, and from four-legged foes.

Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse .
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,

in which Cromwell's antecedents are traced, through the various steps of
Parliament-man, Captain, Colonel, General, up to the throne It con-
cludes with these verses —

A Brewer may be as bold as Hector,
When he has drunk off his cup of nectar,
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector,
Which nobody can deny.

Now here remains the strangest thing, .
How this Brewer about his liquor did bring,
To be an Emperor, or a King,
Which nobody can deny

A Brewer may do what he will,
And rob the Church and State, to sell
His soul as to the Devil of Hell,
Which nobody can deny

This tune and measure appear to have been in great request with the

From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold on tail and mane,
 Which oft he used instead of rein.*

But now we talk of mounting steed,
 Before we further do proceed,
 It doth behove us to say something
 Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin †
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
 I would say eye, for h' had but one,
 As most agree, though some say none
 He was well stayed, and in his gait,
 Preserved a grave, majestic state,
 At spur or switch no more he skipped,
 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipped, ‡
 And yet so fiery, he would bound
 As if he grieved to touch the ground, §
 That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes, ||
 Was not by half so tender-hoofed,
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft;

* The whole of this ludicrous description is singularly happy, the fat, unwieldy knight, encumbered by a load of meat and puddings, and an exceedingly inconvenient costume, with only one stirrup tied up to the saddle very short on the off-side, making a desperate spring to mount, nearly tumbling over by the force of his own weight, and sprawling along the back of the great horse, which he seizes by mane and tail to preserve his equilibrium

† In all the editions *bumkin*, traced by Dr Nash to *boom*, and *ken* or *kin* a diminutive But this is not properly the term used by Butler Bumkin is a short boom projecting from each bow of a ship The word in the text should be bumpkin—from *bump*, large or swelling, and *kin*, kind or genus, and, applied to a man, means a heavy, awkward, clownish fellow.

‡ The allusion is to Sir Roger L'Estrange's fable of the Spaniard under the lash Being condemned to run the gauntlet, the Spaniard preserved a slow and dignified step, scorning to abbreviate his pain by quickening his pace

§ See the description of Don Quixote's Rosinante

|| Julius Cæsar's horse was said to have had feet like those of a man.

And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
 Some write, to take his rider up,
 So Hudibras his, 'tis well-known,
 Would often do, to set him down
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of leather was upon his back;
 For that was hidden under pad,
 And breech of knight galled full as bad
 His strutting ribs on both sides showed
 Like furrows he himself had ploughed,
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
 His dragging tail hung in the dirt,
 Which on his rider he would flurt,
 Still as his tender side he pricked,
 With armed heel, or with unarmed, kicked,
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active trot one side of 's horse,
 The other would not hang an arse *

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,†
 That in th' adventure went his half.
 Though writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one,
 And when we can, with metre safe,
 We'll call him so, if not, plain Ralph,

* Butler may, probably, have taken the hint of these lines from the following passage quoted by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* — 'A scholar being jeered on the way for wearing but one spur, said, that if one side of his horse went on, it was not likely that the other would stay behind'—*Gratiæ Ludentes Jests from the Universities* 1638

† Sir Roger L'Estrange says that the original of Ralph was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, another authority transfers the portrait to a tailor of the name of Pemble, one of the Committee of Sequestrators Dr Grey thinks it probable that the name was suggested by that of the grocer's apprentice in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* Ralph is the representative of the Independents, as Hudibras is of the Presbyterians By this contrivance the union (and, also, the rivalry) of the sectaries in a common cause is exhibited throughout the poem.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses
 An equal stock of wit and valour
 He had laid in, by birth a tailor
 The mighty Tyrian queen that gained,
 With subtle shreds, a tract of land,*
 Did leave it, with a castle fair,
 To his great ancestor, her heir,
 From him descended cross-legged knights,†
 Famed for their faith and warlike fights
 Against the bloody Cannibal,‡
 Whom they destroyed both great and small.
 This sturdy Squire had, as well
 As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
 Not with a counterfeited pass
 Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The knight's, but of another kind,
 And he another way came by't,
 Some call it Gifts, and some New-light,
 A liberal art that costs no pains
 Of study, industry, or brains
 His wits were sent him for a token,
 But in the carriage cracked and broken,
 Like commendation nine-pence crooked
 With—To and from my love—it looked §

* Queen Dido, who having obtained as much land as could be marked round by the hide of an ox, ingeniously cut the hide into strips so narrow as to enable her to enclose a much larger space than had been anticipated

† The knights were represented in their effigies on their tombs with their legs crossed, somewhat in the manner of tailors

‡ In carrying out the double figure of the Templars and the tailors, the bloody cannibal must be understood to represent the Saracens on the one side, and certain small creatures with which tailors are much troubled on the other

§ Until the year 1696, when all money not milled was called in, a ninepenny-piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings.—G Bending a coin, and preserving it as a love-token, was an old custom, and still prevails in many parts of the country The usual form on the occasion of presenting one of these gifts was *To my love, from my love*

He ne'er considered it, as loth
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth ;
 And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth ,
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too
 For saints themselves will sometimes be,
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlightened snuff,
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle .
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their way .
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right
 'Tis a dark-lantern of the spirit,
 Which none can see but those that bear it ,
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by ,*
 An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
 And leads men into pools and ditches,
 To make them dip themselves,† and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond ;
 To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration
 This light inspires, and plays upon
 The nose of saint, like bag-pipe drone,‡
 And speaks, through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk, or whispering hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spirit'al eaves-dropper can hear.
 So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
 Into small poets song infuse ,

* Traders in spiritual gifts are here compared to traders who have light let down upon their goods through a glass window in the roof

† Ralph was probably an Anabaptist or Dipper

‡ Alluding to the prevailing mode of speaking through the nose.

Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.

Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four-legged oracle,*
The ancient cup, or modern chair,
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches,†
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences,
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say,‡
A deep occult philosopher,
As learned as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renowned §

* The three-legged oracle refers to the Tripod, upon which the priestess sat at Delphos, when she delivered her oracles. A four-legged oracle probably means, as Dr Nash suggests, divination by quadruped.

† Probably intended to burlesque the Geneva translation of the Bible, published with notes, 1599, which, in the third of Genesis, says of Adam and Eve, 'they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves breeches'—G. The same expression is repeated elsewhere by Butler, in another form—'he derives the pedigree of magic from Adam's first green breeches, because fig-leaves being the first clothes that mankind wore, were only used for covering, and therefore are the most ancient monuments of concealed mysteries'—*Character of an hermetic Philosopher*.

‡ The whole of this passage is in ridicule of the metaphysical and scientific affectations of the day. By 'th' intelligible world' is meant that remarkably unintelligible world which some philosophers regard as the *refugium* of ideas, and which to all the rest of the world has no more existence than the *elixir vite*.

§ Cornelius Agrippa, born in Cologne in 1486, was secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, Doctor of Divinity, physician to the Duchess of Anjou, and historiographer to Charles V. The particular allusion in the text is to a book of magic he published when he was very young, containing the most wonderful collection of falsehoods and impositions that were ever put together on the subject. Agrippa, in the latter part of his life, renounced all these follies, and in making a

He Anthroposophus,* and Floud,†
 And Jacob Behmen,‡ understood;
 Knew many an amulet and charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm,
 In Rosicrucian lore as learned,§
 As he that *Verè adeptus*|| earned
 He understood the speech of birds
 As well as they themselves do words,¶
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contràry clean,
 What member 'tis of whom they talk,
 When they cry, 'Rope,' and 'Walk, knave, walk' '⁂

collected edition of his works, he suppressed the treatise *De Occultâ Philosophiâ*

* A nickname given to Dr Vaughan, rector of St Bridge's, in Bedfordshire, in consequence of an absurd book he wrote on the condition of man after death, entitled *Anthroposophia Theomagica*

† Robert Floud, or Fludd, son of Sir Thomas Floud, Treasurer of War to Queen Elizabeth, followed the profession of medicine, and took up with great earnestness the doctrines of the Rosicrucians, which he defended in a tract

‡ Of Jacob Behmen little is known, except that he is believed to have been a cobbler, and that he wrote some religious treatises in a mystical jargon, which renders them utterly unintelligible.

§ The Rosicrucians were a sect of hermetical philosophers. According to some accounts, they derived their name from *ros*, dew, and *crux*, a cross. Both were elements in their system, dew was esteemed the most powerful solvent of the precious metals, and the cross enclosed the letters that formed *lux*, light, called in the esoteric language of the sect the menstruum of the red dragon—that is, the light which, properly modified, produces gold. It is also said that the Rosicrucians derived their name from a German, Christian Rosencruz, with whom they originated. They were likewise known as the Illuminati, the Immortales, the Invisible Brothers.

|| The title assumed by the alchemists, who were supposed to have discovered the philosopher's stone.

¶ It was a very old notion, as far back as the age of Democritus, that birds have a language of their own, which many persons pretended to understand.

** Dr Grey conjectures that the persons indicated under these phrases were Judge Tomlinson and Colonel Hewson. On one occasion, when Tomlinson was swearing in the sheriffs, he drew their attention specially to that part of their functions which related to malefactors, adding that he had a kinsman in the city, a *rope-maker*, whom he commended to their patronage, as they were sure to require his services within the year. The application of 'Walk, knave, walk' to

He'd extract numbers out of matter,
 And keep them in a glass, like water,
 Of sovereign power to make men wise, *
 For, dropped in blear thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, though purblind in the light
 By help of these, as he professed,
 He had First Matter seen undressed
 He took her naked, all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on †
 The Chaos, too, he had descried,
 And seen quite through, or else he lied,
 Not that of pasteboard, which men shew
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew, ‡

Colonel Hewson, seems to be determined by a satirical tract written on him by Edmund Gayton, entitled, *Walk, knaves, walk, a Discourse intended to have been spoken at Court, &c*

* The Pythagoreans and Platonists, who reduced the laws of generation to a system of arithmetical progression and division, are here alluded to. The speculative and experimental science of the contemporary age is reflected throughout the poem in numerous similar passages. The most absurd theories of the ancients were revived, and novelties even still more extravagant were broached. The institution of the Royal Society, whatever benefit may have subsequently flowed from its establishment, helped considerably at first to encourage these visionary theories, which Butler treated with unsparing ridicule. Dr Johnson observes that it is hard to conceive for what reason Butler and others heaped such acrimonious satire on the labours of the Royal Society, 'since the philosophers professed not to advance doctrines, but to produce facts, and the most zealous enemy of innovation must admit the gradual progress of experience, however he may oppose hypothetical temerity'. This statement is not accurate. An investigation into the early proceedings of the Royal Society will show that its members by no means limited themselves to the production of facts, but that they frequently advanced doctrines, sometimes with, and sometimes without, data. Nor in the production of facts did they attend to that condition which can alone render facts valuable as a basis for scientific observation—the collection of data on a sufficiently comprehensive scale to justify the inferences they drew from them.

† Qu'en sa gloire il a vu la matière première

REGNIER — *Sat* x

‡ Puppet-shows were amongst the most popular amusements of Bartholomew fair, and here Chaos, Creation, the Deluge, and other passages of sacred history were represented with pasteboard scenery. Ben Jonson, in his play of *Bartholomew Fair*, enumerates some of the

But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
 Whence that and Reformation came,
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O' th' younger house to puppet-play.*
 He could foretel whats'ever was,
 By consequence, to come to pass:
 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood.†
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge,‡

'motions,' as the pantomime on these occasions was called, which were enacted in the booths, exhibiting a curious mixture of sacred and profane subjects—such as Jerusalem, Nineveh, and the city of Norwich, Sodom and Gomorrah, and the gunpowder plot. The admission, it appears, to the best of these establishments was as much as eighteen or twenty pence, to others as low as fourpence. The fair lasted fourteen days, during which time the regular theatres were closed. But these entertainments led to such excesses that early in the last century the fair was reduced to its original limit of three days, and from that time has gradually declined.

* That is, observes Bishop Warburton, that the sectaries, who claimed the only right to the name of reformed, took the notion of their inspiration, and of their passiveness under the influence of the Holy Spirit, from the puppets which, incapable of any original action themselves, were moved by a superior hand.

† The preachers frequently foretold events in their addresses to the people, but, instead of drawing their prophecies from the stars, like the astrologers, who are satirized in the succeeding lines, they pretended to derive their knowledge of the future from divine inspiration.

‡ The Knights of the Post were persons who haunted the pulleys of the courts, ready to be hired for a bribe to swear to any falsehoods that might be required of them, and even to confess themselves guilty of the crimes of others upon an adequate consideration. Their calling was of course held in great contempt, and the most scornful term that could be applied to any person was to call him a Knight of the Post. In the old ballad of *Ragged, and torne, and true*, the honest poor man

As if they were consenting to
 All mischiefs in the world men do :
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robbed a house below ;
 Examine Venus, and the Moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon,*
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who received the goods :
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimmed† a cloak ;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.‡
 They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies ;
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallowed it instead o' th' pill.§

declares that to whatever extremities he may be driven, he will never become a Knight of the Post —

I scorn to live by the shift,
 or by any sinister dealing,
 I'll flatter no man for a gift,
 nor will I get money by stealing ;
 I'll be no Knight of the Post,
 to sell my soul for a bribe,
 Though all my fortunes be crossed,
 yet I scorn the cheater's tribe

They acquired the name of Knights of the Post from the circumstance of being always found waiting at the posts which the sheriffs set up outside their doors for painting proclamations upon

* Alluding to the old notion that the moon was the repository of all things that were lost or stolen

† Stole The meaning is embodied in the character of Corporal Nym

‡ Mercury was the patron of thieves, as Mars, in the judicial astrology, was considered the patron of pirates

§ The story is told by Henry Stephens in his *Defence of Herodotus* A physician wrote a prescription for a countryman, desiring him to take it The man followed the instruction literally, and swallowed the prescription.

Cast the nativity o' th' question,
 And from positions to be guessed on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of native's birth, tell what will come on't *
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs,
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine,
 In men, what gives or cures the itch,
 What makes them cuckolds, poor, or rich,
 What gains, or loses, hangs, or saves,
 What makes men great, what fools, or knaves;
 But not what wise, for only 'f those
 The stars, they say, cannot dispose,†
 No more than can the astrologians
 There they say right, and like true Trojans
 This Ralphe knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke ‡

Thus was th' accomplished Squire endued
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right §
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit.
 Their valours, too, were of a rate,
 And out they sallied at the gate.

Few miles on horseback had they joggèd
 But Fortune unto them turned doggèd,

* In casting the nativity of a child, it was necessary to know the exact time of its birth, but, in the absence of accurate information on that point, the astrologer cast it by the 'physiognomy' of the heavens at the moment the question was asked

† Deceive, *à e*, the astrologer can no more deceive a wise man, than can the stars. What makes the obscurity, says Bishop Warburton, is the use of the word *dispose* in two senses—*influence*, as it regards the stars, and *deceive*, as it relates to the astrologers

‡ That is, the religious imposture—intimating that even wise men, who could not be deceived by the frauds of astrology, were sometimes ensnared by spiritual pretences

§ The precedent of Cervantes is closely followed in this passage

For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolved, and bold,
We should, as learnèd poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some muse;
However critics count it sillier,
Than jugglers talking t'a familiar;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost.—*

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Prynne, and Vickars,†
And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write,
Who, as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grained works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,

* The absurd custom of solemn invocations, frequently preceding the meanest performances, is burlesqued with infinite humour in this passage

† George Withers, born in 1588, died in 1667, a voluminous and violent party writer, who, amidst the vast quantity of verse he produced was the author of some pieces which deserved to be exempted from indiscriminate condemnation. When Butler published this satire upon him, Withers was a close prisoner in the Tower, under a menace of impeachment. William Prynne, born in 1600, died in 1669, the famous author of the *Hystriomastix*, for which he was committed to the Tower, expelled the Universities, condemned to stand in the pillory and lose his ears, and fined £5000 by the Star Chamber. He was a man of learning, and very laborious in his researches. Wood tells us that when he was engaged in study he would seldom eat any dinner, and that the only refreshment in which he indulged was a roll of bread and ale. John Vickars, born in 1582, died in 1652, a fierce zealot on the Parliament side. His writings (of which Wood gives a list) were distinguished by their coarseness. 'He could out-scoold,' says Foulis, in his *History of Plots*, 'the boldest face in Billingsgate, especially if kings, bishops, organs, or maypoles were to be the objects of his zealous indignation.' Some specimens of his poetry may be seen in the *Censura Literaria*.

The praises of the author, penned
 By himself, or wit-insuring friend,
 The itch of picture in the front,
 With bays, and wicked rhyme upon 't,*
 All that is left o' th' forked hill†
 To make men scribble without skill,
 Canst make a poet, spite of fate,
 And teach all people to translate,—
 Though out of languages, in which
 They understand no part of speech,
 Assist me but this once, I 'mpleore,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town,‡
 To those that dwell therein well known,
 Therefore there needs no more be said here,
 We unto them refer our reader,
 For brevity is very good,
 When w' are, or are not understood.§
 To this town people did repair
 On days of market, or of fair,
 And to cracked fiddle, and hoarse tabor,
 In merriment did drudge and labour.
 But now a sport more formidable
 Had raked together village rabble;
 'Twas an old way of recreating,
 Which learnèd butchers call bear-baiting,

* Alluding to the common usage of prefixing to books the commendatory verses of friends, and the author's portrait encircled by laurels.

† Parnassus, supposed to be cleft on the summit —

I never did on cleft Parnassus dream,
 Nor taste the sacred Hellicoman stream.—DRYDEN

‡ The following allusion in a subsequent place has led to the supposition that Brentford is here indicated —

And though you overcame the bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair, &c —11 3

§ This couplet, changing the word *very* into *ever*, was quoted by Charles II. in reply to a long speech of the Earl of Manchester in favour of the Dissenters.

A bold adventurous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize ;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian and Nemæan game ;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fixed in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout
For after solemn proclamation *
In the bear's name, as is the fashion,
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms,
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear ;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engaged, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way,
Thither the Knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear,

* Although the mock solemnity with which the sport is introduced throws an air of ridicule over it, the whole description is quite accurate. Proclamation was always made before the game began, and people were warned to keep clear of the animals, and not to come within forty feet of them at their peril.

As he believed he was bound to do
In conscience and commission too,^x
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire —

‘ We that are wisely mounted higher
Than constables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators, should foresee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended mischiefs farther than
Low proletarian tything-men,[†]
And, therefore, being informed by bruit,
That dog and bear are to dispute,—
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the same,
For where the first does hap to be,
The last does *coincidere*, —

Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save th’ expense of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty, and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
The bloody duel without blows

‘ Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For Cov’nant, and the Cause’s sake?[‡]
But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?

* The suppression of popular sports and recreations gave active employment to the justices of the peace. Bear-baiting was regarded with especial abhorrence as a relique of paganism.

† The proletarian were the lowest class of the people amongst the Romans, and by attaching this epithet to the tything-men, the knight means to designate the inferiority of their office or position.

‡ The solemn League and Covenant was flamed by the Scotch Parliament, received in both houses, and ordered to be read in all the churches of the kingdom. The Cause, or God’s Cause, was a cry amongst the Roundheads.

This feud, by Jesuits invented,
 By evil counsel is fomented,
 There is a Machiavelian plot,
 Though every nare olfact it not,*
 And deep design in't to divide
 The well-affected that confide,
 By setting brother against brother,
 To claw and curry one another
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
 That *cane et angue pejus*† hate us?
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our own selves, without cause?
 That some occult design doth lie
 In bloody cyparctomachy,‡
 Is plain enough to him that knows
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
 But sure some mischief will come of it,
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we averruncate§ it.
 For what design, what interest,
 Can beast have to encounter beast?
 They fight for no espoused cause,||
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
 Nor for a thorough reformation,
 Nor covenant nor protestation,¶

* Though every nose smell it not. Nare, from *nares*, the nostrils
 This is a little touch of characteristic pedantry in the knight

† A proverbial saying used by Horace, expressive of deadly hostility

‡ A compound from the Greek, signifying a fight between dogs and bears Sir Hudibras throughout this speech is evidently in a high vein of pedantic display

§ To tear up by the roots

|| In the lines that follow we have a recital of all the grievances, real or imaginary, of which the Parliament complained, and the rights for which they contended

¶ The resolution, or protest, subscribed in the first year of the Long Parliament.

Nor liberty of consciences,*
 Nor lords and commons' ordinances,†
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
 To get them in their own no hands,‡
 Nor evil counsellors to bring
 To justice, that seduce the king;
 Nor for the worship of us men,
 Though we have done as much for them.
 Th' Egyptians worshipped dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war.
 Others adored a rat, and some
 For that church suffered martyrdom.
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth,§
 And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* || to death.
 But no beast ever was so slight,¶
 For man, as for his god, to fight;
 They have more wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, who only do infuse
 The rage in them like *boutè-feus*,**
 'Tis our example that instils
 In them th' infection of our ills
 For, as some late philosophers
 Have well observed, beasts that converse

* This line stood in the first edition—

Nor for free liberty of conscience

Bishop Warburton thinks the alteration for* the worse, free liberty being a happy satirical periphrasis for licentiousness. That it did not accurately express what Butler meant, however, may be presumed from his having afterwards substituted the reading in the text.

† The title given to bills, after Parliament had renounced the king's authority. An ordinance was a law still-born, says Clarendon, dropped before quickened by the royal assent. ‡ Paws

§ The people of Ceylon and Malabar worshipped the teeth of elephants and monkeys. The Siamese are said to have offered 700,000 ducats to redeem from the Portuguese a monkey's tooth which had long been an object of worship with them.

|| Desperately—tooth and nail ¶ Thoughtless, silly

** Incendiarines

With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle
We read in Nero's time, the Heathen
When they destroyed the Christian brethren,
They sewed them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears,
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichristian game.'

To this, quoth Ralpho,—' Verily
The point seems very plain to me,
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name, the word bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man's creating,
For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record,*
Therefore unlawful, and a sin,
And so is, secondly, the thing:
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be proved by Scripture, than
Provincial, classic, national,†
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.

* 'The Disciplinarians held that the Scripture of God is in such sort the rule of human actions, that simply, whatever we do, and are not by it directed thereto, the same is sin'—HOOKER'S *Ecclesiastical Polity* Some of the French Huguenots carried this doctrine so far as to refuse to pay rent, unless their landlords could produce a text of Scripture to warrant the payment While on the one hand texts were easily found to authenticate any doctrine they accepted, so on the other there was no difficulty in opposing any doctrine they disapproved, on the ground that there was no text by which it could be sustained

† These words, and the things they represented, being of man's invention, were carnal and unlawful. The passage, being spoken by Ralph, is intended to show the aversion in which the Presbyterian Assembly of Divines was held by the Independents, for, although the phrase 'vile assembly' is directly applied to the gathering of people at the bear-baiting, it bears allusively upon that form of Church government for which the Independents asserted no authority could be found in Scripture.

Thirdly, it is idolatrous,
 For when men run a-whoring thus
 With their inventions, whatsoever
 The thing be, whether dog or bear,
 It is idolatrous and pagan,
 No less than worshipping of Dagon *

Quoth Hudibras,—‘ I smell a rat,
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate
 For though the thesis which thou lay’st
 Be true *ad amussim*,* as thou say’st,
 For that bear-baiting should appear,
Jure divino, lawfuller
 Than synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis—so do I;
 Yet there’s a fallacy in this;
 For if by sly *homœosis*,†
Tussis pro creptu, an art,
 Under a cough to slur a f—t,‡
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply
 Both are unlawful—I deny.’

‘ And I,’ quoth Ralpho, ‘ do not doubt
 But bear-baiting may be made out,
 In gospel times, as lawful as is
 Provincial, or parochial classis,
 And that both are so near of kin,
 And like in all, as well as sin,
 That, put ’em in a bag, and shake ’em,
 Yourself o’ th’ sudden would mistake ’em,
 And not know which is which, unless
 You measure by their wickedness,
 For ’tis not hard t’ imagine whether
 O’ th’ two is worst, tho’ I name neither ’

Quoth Hudibras, ‘ Thou offer’st much,
 But art not able to keep touch

* Exactly

† An explanation of a thing by something resembling it.

‡ Left out in the edition of 1674, but retained by Grey and Nash

Mira de lente,* as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage,
 Thou canst at best but overstrain
 A paradox, and thy own brain,†
 For what can synods have at all
 With bear that's analogical?
 Or what relation has debating
 Of church-affairs with bear-baiting?
 A just comparison still is
 Of things *ejusdem generis*.
 And then what *genus* rightly doth
 Include, and comprehend them both?
 If animal, both of us may
 As justly pass for bears as they,
 For we are animals no less,
 Although of different specieses ‡
 But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,
 Nor time, to argue out the case
 For now the field is not far off,
 Where we must give the world a proof
 Of deeds, not words and such as suit
 Another manner of dispute:
 A controversy that affords
 Actions for arguments, not words,
 Which we must manage at a rate
 Of prow'ss, and conduct adequate
 To what our place, and fame doth promise,
 And all the godly expect from us §

* Great cry and little wool

† The reading in the first edition, for which this couplet was substituted, stood as follows —

Thou wilt best but suck a bull,
 Or shear swine—all cry and no wool

The reference is to an old proverb—As wise as the Waltham calf, that went nine times to suck a bull

‡ Thus in all the editions There is no absolute necessity for the additional syllable, but it is highly humorous

§ Godly and ungodly were the distinctions drawn by the Presbyterians between themselves and the Royalists.

Nor shall they be deceived, unless
 We're slurred and outed* by success;
 Success, the mark no mortal wit,
 Or surest hand can always hit:
 For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row, w' are steered by fate,†
 Which in success oft disinherits,
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.
 Great actions are not always true sons
 Of great and mighty resolutions,
 Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their worth,
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead
 Fortune and cowardice succeed.
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
 Our actions still have borne us out;
 Which, though they're known to be so ample,
 We need not copy from example,
 We're not the only person durst
 Attempt this province, nor the first.
 In northern clime a val'rous knight
 Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
 And wound a fiddler. we have both
 Of these the objects of our wroth,
 And equal fame and glory from
 Th' attempt, or victory to come.
 'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
 In foreign land, yclep'd——‡
 To whom we have been oft compared
 For person, parts, address, and beard,
 Both equally reputed stout,
 And in the same cause both have fought;

* Ejected—expelled.

† The doctrine of predestination, for which the Puritans were so zealous, is set up to meet all contingencies

‡ The name of Sir Samuel Luke exactly fills the chasm, and supplies the rhyme

He oft, in such attempts as these,
 Came off with glory and success,
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,
 For want of equal resolution
 Honour is, like a widow, won
 With brisk attempt and putting on,
 With entering manfully and urging,
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin[†]

This said, as erst the Phrygian knight,*
 So ours, with rusty steel did smite
 His Trojan horse, and just as much
 He mended pace upon the touch;
 But from his empty stomach groaned,
 Just as that hollow beast did sound,
 And angry, answered from behind,
 With brandished tail and blast of wind
 So have I seen, with armèd heel,
 A wight bestride a Common-weal,†
 While still the more he kicked and spurred,
 The less the sullen jade has stirred.‡

* Laocoon, who, suspecting the treachery of the Greeks, struck the wooden horse with his spear

† Our poet might possibly have in mind a print engraven in Holland It represented a cow, the emblem of the Commonwealth, with the King of Spain on her back, kicking and spurring her, the Queen of England before, stopping and feeding her, the Prince of Orange milking her, and the Duke of Anjou behind, pulling her back by the tail—HEYLIN'S *Cosmog* N

‡ The image applies to the brief government of Richard Cromwell, rather than to that of Oliver When a similar metaphor was applied to Oliver, the 'steeds' instead of being 'sullen,' were generally made to rear and plunge, as in the following lines of one of the royalist ballads —

But Nol, a rank rider, gets first in the saddle,
 And made her show tricks, and curvet, and rebound,
 She quickly perceived he rode widdle-waddle,
 And like his coach-horses, threw his highness to ground.
 Then Dick, being lame, rode holding by the pummel,
 Not having the wit to get hold of the rein,
 But the jade did so snort at the sight of a Cromwell,
 That poor Dick and his kindred turned footmen again[§]

This incident actually occurred on one occasion when Cromwell was driving his own coach

PART I — CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT

The catalogue and character
 Of th' enemies' best men of war,
 Whom, in a bold harangue, the knight
 Defies, and challenges to fight
 H' encounters Talgol, routs the bear,
 And takes the fiddler prisoner,
 Conveys him to enchanted castle,
 There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher
 That had read Alexander Ross* over,
 And swore the world, as he could prove,
 Was made of fighting, and of love.
 Just so romances are, for what else
 Is in them all but love and battles?†
 O'th' first of these w' have no great matter
 To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
 In which to do the injured right,
 We mean in what concerns just fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
 For to make some well-sounding name
 A pattern fit for modern knights
 To copy out in frays and fights,

* A Scotch divine, born in 1590 Having come to England in the reign of Charles I, he was made one of his Majesty's chaplains, and master of the free school of Southampton He died in 1654, leaving a handsome legacy to the school, and bequeathing to some friends in Hampshire a large library and a considerable sum of money, part of which was hidden amongst his books Ross was a voluminous writer upon a great variety of subjects, and wrote commentaries on Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Thomas Browne, Hobbes, and Sir Walter Raleigh To have read Alexander Ross over, would, therefore, have been an extraordinary achievement Addison remarks, that this couplet, on account of its curious rhyme, has been more frequently quoted than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem.

† Some lines in Butler's *Common-place Book* are to the same effect —

Love and fighting is the sum
 Of all romances, from Tom Thumb
 To Arthur, Gondibert and Hudibras.

Like those that a whole street do raze,
 To build a palace in the place,*
 They never care how many others
 They kill, without regard of mothers,
 Or wives, or children, so they can
 Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
 Composed of many ingredient valours,
 Just like the manhood of nine tailors.
 So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit,†
 As if just so much he enjoyed,
 As in another is destroyed:
 For when a giant's slain in fight,
 And mowed o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
 It is a heavy case, no doubt,
 A man should have his brains beat out,
 Because he's tall, and has large bones,
 As men kill beavers for their stones
 But, as for our part, we shall tell
 The naked truth of what befel,
 And as an equal friend to both
 The knight and bear, but more to troth,‡
 With neither faction shall take part,
 But give to each his due desert,
 And never coin a formal lie on't,
 To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
 This b'ing professed, we've hopes enough,
 And now go on where we left off.

* Some editions read—

To build another in its place

The allusion, however, being apparently to the building of Somerset House, for which some religious houses and two churches were pulled down, the above reading is preferred.

† The Tartar who kills a man of extraordinary endowments or beauty believes that the qualities of his victim are immediately transferred to himself

‡ 'Amicus Sociates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas'

They rode, but authors having not
 Determined whether pace or trot,
 That is to say, whether tollutation,
 As they do term 't, or succussation,†
 We leave it, and go on, as now
 Suppose they did, no matter how,
 Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
 Mysterious light it was a trot
 But let that pass, they now begun
 To spur their living engines on
 For as whipped tops and banded balls,
 The learned hold, are animals,‡
 So horses they affirm to be
 Mere engines made by geometry,
 And were invented first from engines,
 As Indian Britons were from Penguins §
 So let them be, and, as I was saying,
 They their live engines plied, not staying
 Until they reached the fatal champaign
 Which th' enemy did then encamp on,
 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
 Was to be waged 'twixt puissant cattle,
 And fierce auxiliary men,
 That came to aid their brethren,

* Ambling

† Trotting

‡ The atomic theory, by which it is maintained that there is no vital principle in animals, and, that they have no higher motive-power than that of mere mechanism, consequently tops and banded balls, while in motion, possess as much of the living principle as horses or dogs, or any of the lower animals

§ Dr Grey thinks it probable that this is meant as a banter upon Selden, who, in his notes on the *Polyolbion*, speaking of a voyage made by a certain Prince of Wales to Florida in 1170, conjectures that the words *Capo de Broton* and *Pengun*—a white rock and a white-headed bird—are reliques of the Prince's discoveries. The meaning is, that it is just as likely that horses were invented from engines, as that the Britons came from penguins. Warburton acutely observes, that 'the thought is extremely fine, and well exposes the folly of a philosopher, for attempting to establish a principle of great importance in his science, on as slender a foundation as an etymologist advances an historical conjecture'

Who now began to take the field,
 As knight from ridge of steed beheld.
 For, as our modern wits behold,
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,*
 Much further off, much further he
 Raised on his aged beast, could see,
 Yet not sufficient to descry
 All postures of the enemy
 Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,
 T' observe their numbers, and their order;
 That when their motions he had known,
 He might know how to fit his own
 Meanwhile he stopped his willing steed,
 To fit himself for martial deed
 Both kinds of metal he prepared,
 Either to give blows, or to ward,
 Courage within, and steel without,
 To give and to receive a rout †
 His death-charged pistols he did fit well,
 Drawn out from life-preserving victual,
 These being primed, with force he laboured
 To free 's blade from retentive scabbard,
 And after many a painful pluck,
 He cleared at length the rugged tuck ‡
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose,
 And, raised upon his desperate foot,
 On stirrup-side he gazed about, §

* The moderns, observes Sir W Temple, must have more knowledge than the ancients, because they have the advantage both of theirs and their own, which is commonly illustrated by a dwarf's standing on a giant's shoulders, and seeing more and farther than the giant

† In the original edition, this couplet stood thus —

Courage and steel, both of great force,
 Prepared for better, or for worse

‡ Original edition —

From rusty dalliance he bailed tuck

§ The details given in the first instance of the knight's furniture

Portending blood, like blazing star,
 The beacon of approaching war
 The Squire advanced with greater speed,
 Than could be expected from his steed,*
 But far more in returning made,
 For now the foe he had surveyed,
 Ranged, as to him they did appear,
 With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
 Crowdero† marched expert and able.

and caparisons are, as in this instance, reproduced wherever circumstances require a reference to them. Thus we are reminded in this passage of the contents of the holsters, the pistols and the viands, of the sword that had grown rusty in its scabbard, and was consequently difficult to draw, and of the fact, previously mentioned, that the knight had but one stirrup. Nor does the poet forget the special character of the horse, who is here humorously described as being quite willing to stop. Although the action of the poem is deficient in the movement and variety necessary to keep up a dramatic interest, the individuality of the actors is sustained throughout with the highest dramatic skill. The descriptions given of them on their first appearance are not introduced merely to provoke laughter, but, by the subsequent use of the particulars, become indispensable to the actual business of the scene. In the language, conversation, and sentiments of the persons, individuality is preserved with equal distinctness.

* Original edition —

Ralpho rode on with no less speed
 Than Hugo in the forest did

Hugo was scout-master to Gondibert, and was sent in advance to reconnoitre

† Sir Roger L'Estrange says that the original of this character was one Jackson, a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange, in the Strand, and who, having lost a leg in the service of the Roundheads, was reduced to the necessity of fiddling for his bread from one ale-house to another. This itinerant fiddler is very properly placed at the head of the rabble. The name, Crowdero, is founded on the word *crowd*, a fiddle, taken from the Welsh *crwth*. Butler afterwards introduces the word itself, as in the following example —

His fiddle is your proper purchase
 Won in the service of the churches,
 And by your doom must be allowed
 To be, or be no more a crowd

The word is frequently used by the Elizabethan writers. Here is an instance —

O sweet consent between a crowd and a Jew's harp
 LYL — *Alex. and Camp* 11.

Instead of trumpet, and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turned to vinegar,
For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind* to combat?
A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side,†
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the fatal noose.‡
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warpèd ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings.§
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden;

* The original and legitimate signification of this expression is wholly irreconcilable with the popular sense of having a desire to do a thing, in which it is used here. A *month's mind* is a religious celebration to the memory of the dead, a month after their decease, and these distant obsequies were frequently provided for by will. It thus became an office of the Church, and is still observed in Roman Catholic countries. How it came to mean a wish, intention, or desire—generally implying, also, vacillation of purpose—cannot be easily determined. It has been ingeniously conjectured to have originated in 'a woman's longing,' explained by Mr Croft, in his remarks on Shakspeare, as usually taking place, or commencing, at least, in the first month of pregnancy.

† It has been supposed that this description is drawn from the position in which bodies are buried, the head being always to the west, and the left side, consequently, to the north, so that the side of the neck where the fiddle is usually placed would be due north-east. This theory is curiously confirmed by other notions referred to by Dr Nash. Some authors maintain that the human body is magnetical, and that, if put out to float on the water, the head would always turn to the north. Paracelsus had a conceit about the body, by which he made the face the east, the back the west, &c. Now in either of these positions—the body lying on its back with its head to the north, or standing upright with its face to the east—the place of the fiddle would still be due north-east. The augurs of old, in their divinations, turned their faces to the east.

‡ The noose is understood to be usually placed under the left ear.

§ Souse, the ears, and chitterlings, the entrails of swine—the former alluding to Crowdero's ear, and the latter to the strings of the fiddle.

From whence men borrow every kind
 Of minstrelsy, by string or wind
 His grisly beard was long and thick,
 With which he strung his fiddle-stick,
 For he to horse-tail scorned to owe
 For what on his own chin did grow
 Chiron, the four-legged bard,* had both
 A beard and tail of his own growth,
 And yet by authors 'tis averred,
 He made use only of his beard.

In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,
 Where bulls do choose the boldest king
 And ruler o'er the men of string,
 As once in Persia, 'tis said,
 Kings were proclaimed by a horse that neighed,†
 He, bravely venturing at a crown,
 By chance of war was beaten down,
 And wounded sore his leg, then broke,
 Had got a deputy of oak,
 For when a shin in fight is cropped,
 The knee, with one of timber's propped,
 Esteemed more honourable than the other,
 And takes place, though the younger brother ‡

Next marched brave Orsin,§ famous for
 Wise conduct, and success in war,
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,
 Now marshal to the champion bear
 With truncheon tipped with iron head,
 The warrior to the lists he led,

* Chiron, the centaur—the Sagittarius of the Zodiac

† Darius, elected King of Persia under the agreement of the seven princes (of whom he was one) that the monarchy should devolve on him whose horse should first neigh By the artful device of a groom, the horse of Darius neighed first, and secured the throne for his master

‡ A man with a wooden leg always sets it first in walking

§ Intended, according to Sir Roger L'Estrange, for Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris Garden, in Southwark.

With solemn march, and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face,
 Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
 Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego,*
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for charge, or for retreat
 Knew when t' engage his bear pell-mell,
 And when to bring him off as well †
 So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,
 And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
 Do stave and tail with writs of error,
 Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
 To let them breathe a while, and then
 Cry whoop, and set them on again
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nursed by a bear,‡
 That fed him with the purchased prey
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray,
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
 In military garden Paris §
 For soldiers heretofore did grow
 In gardens, just as weeds do now,
 Until some splay-foot politicians
 T' Apollo offered up petitions,
 For licensing a new invention||
 They'd found out of an antique engine,

* See Purchas's *Pilgrims*, and *Lady's Travels into Spain*

† Original edition —

He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
 To fall back and retreat as well.

‡ That is, maintained by the profits he derived from the exhibition of his bear

§ There was a circus in Paris Garden for bull and bear-baiting. It was afterwards occasionally converted into a theatre. Bear-baiting was forbidden in the time of the Civil Wars. The 'military garden' refers to a society instituted by James I for training soldiers, who used to practise in Paris Garden.

|| This passage is traced by Dr Grey to Boccacini's *Advertisement from Parnassus*, in which the gardeners apply to Apollo for some such speedy means of extirpating weeds as he had invented, in drums and trumpets, for destroying dissolute and rebellious subjects.

To root out all the weeds, that grow
 In public gardens, at a blow,
 And leave th' herbs standing Quoth Sir Sun,*
 'My friends, that is not to be done.'
 'Not done!' quoth Statesman, 'Yes, an't please ye,
 When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.'
 'Why then let's know it,' quoth Apollo
 'We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow'
 'A drum!' quoth Phœbus, 'Troth, that's true,
 A pretty invention, quaint and new:
 But though of voice and instrument
 We are th' undoubted president,
 We such loud music do not profess,
 The devil's master of that office,
 Where it must pass; if't be a drum,
 He'll sign it with *Cler Parl. Dom -Com*, †
 To him apply yourselves, and he
 Will soon despatch you for his fee'
 They did so, but it proved so ill,
 They 'ad better let 'em grow there still.

But to resume what we discoursing
 Were on before, that is, stout Oisín,
 That which so oft by sundry writers,
 Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters, ‡
 More justly may b' ascribed to this
 Than any other warrior, *viz.*
 None ever acted both parts bolder,
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier
 He was of great descent, and high
 For splendour and antiquity,

* After the fashion and usage of chivalry, Apollo is designated Sir Sun. The expression occurs in Sydney's *Arcadia*

† The House of Commons having assumed, with other royal privileges, the right of granting patents for new inventions, Apollo sends the petitioners to that assembly, which he informs them is under the government of the devil, who will sanction the invention, if it pass, with the usual signature of Clerk of the House of Commons

‡ Alluding to the indiscriminate panegyrics of the historians.

And from celestial origine,
 Derived himself in a right line;
 Not as the ancient heroes did,
 Who, that their base-births might be hid,
 Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
 And that they came in at a windore,*
 Made Jupiter himself, and others
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
 To get on them a race of champions,
 Of which old Homer first made lampoons;
 Arctophylax,† in northern sphere,
 Was his undoubted ancestor,
 From him his great forefathers came,
 And in all ages bore his name.
 Learned he was in med'cinal lore,
 For by his side a pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange hermetic powder,
 That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder,‡
 By skilful chemist, with great cost,
 Extracted from a rotten post;§
 But of a heavenlier influence
 Than that which mountebanks dispense,
 Though by Promethean fire made,*
 As they do quack that drive that trade
 For as, when slovens do amiss
 At others' doors, by stool or piss,
 The learnèd|| write, a red-hot spit
 B'ing prudently applied to it,
 Will convey mischief from the dung
 Unto the part that did the wrong,

* An old form of window, in common use amongst the earlier writers

† The star Bootes, near Ursa Major

‡ The sympathetic powder was supposed to possess a healing influence from a distance — See Sir Kenelm Digby's *Discourse concerning the cure of wounds by sympathy*

§ Useless powders in medicine are called powders of post — N

|| Sir Kenelm Digby, who relates the story of the spit

So this did healing, and as sure
 As that did mischief, this would cure.
 Thus virtuous Orsin was endued
 With learning, conduct, fortitude
 Incomparable, and as the prince
 Of poets, Hômer, sung long since,
 A skilful leech is better far,
 Than half a hundred men of war,
 So he appeared, and by his skill,
 No less than dint of sword, could kill

The gallant Bruin marched next him,
 With visage formidably grim,
 And rugged as a Saracen,
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
 Clad in a mantle *de la guerre*
 Of rough, impenetrable fur,
 And in his nose, like Indian king,
 He wore, for ornament, a ring,
 About his neck a threefold gorget,
 As rough as trebled leathern target,
 Armèd, as heralds cant, and langued,*
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth,
 Which they do eat their victual with
 He was by birth, some authors write,
 A Russian, some a Muscovite,
 And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
 Of whom we in diurnals read,
 That serve to fill up pages here,
 As with their bodies ditches there
 Scrimansky† was his cousin german,
 With whom he served, and fed on vermin,

* Armed, in heraldry, means when the beak, talons, horns or teeth, of birds or beasts of prey are of a different colour from the rest of the body—langued, when the tongue is of a different colour

† Probably the name of some well-known bear

And when these failed, he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws
And though his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
And ev'ry man ate up his saddle,
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when 't came in's way
He had traced countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller,
Who writes, he spoused in India,
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies,
As stout as any upon earth is
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol* and Oisín oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a saved citizen, the one
To guard his bear, the other fought
To aid his dog, both made more stout
By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got aught of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury
Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquished oftener than he fought:
Inured to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil †
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made,
He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow,

* A butcher in Newgate-market, who obtained a captain's commission for his valour at Naseby

† He was a greasy butcher, and is compared to the wrestlers who, in the Greek games, rubbed themselves with oil to make their joints supple

But Guy, with him in fight compared,
 Had like the boar or dun-cow fared *
 With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
 Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote, †
 And many a serpent of fell kind,
 With wings before, and stings behind, ‡
 Subdued, as poets say, long ago,
 Bold Sir George Saint George did the dragon §
 Nor engine, nor device polemic,
 Disease, nor doctor epidemic, ||
 Though stored with deleterious medicines,
 Which whosoever took is dead since,
 E'er sent so vast a colony
 To both the under worlds as he:
 For he was of that noble trade
 That demi-gods and heroes made,
 Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
 The trade to which they all were bred,
 And is, like others, glorious when
 'Tis great and large, but base, if mean,
 The former rides in triumph for it,
 The latter in a two-wheeled chariot, ¶
 For daring to profane a thing
 So sacred, with so vile bungling

* Guy, Earl of Warwick, one of whose exploits was a victory over a dun-cow

† Ajax, in a fit of madness, fell upon a flock of sheep, mistaking them for the Grecian princes who had decided against him in the contention for the armour of Ulysses, and Don Quixote, in like manner, attacked a flock of sheep which he supposed to be the army of the giant Alphonso

‡ The wasps and flies which infest butchers' shops, myriads of which the heroic Talgol is supposed to have slaughtered in his time

§ Dr Nash observes that there was a real Sir George St George, who, with Sir Robert Newcomen and Major Ormsby, in February, 1643, was made commissioner for the government of Connaught. It is not improbable, he adds, that this coincidence of names might have forcibly struck the imagination of Butler

|| There is humour in joining the epithet epidemic to the doctor, as well as to the disease — N

¶ Ille crucem pretium scelus tulit, hic diadema

JUVENAL — Sat. xiii

Next these the brave Magnano * came,
 Magnano, great in martial fame,
 Yet, when with Orsin he waged fight,
 'Tis sung he got but little by't.
 Yet he was fierce as forest-boar,
 Whose spoils upon his back he wore,†
 As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held,
 But brass was feeble to resist
 The fury of his armèd fist,
 Nor could the hardest iron hold out
 Against his blows, but they would through 't.
 In magic he was deeply read,
 As he that made the brazen head,‡
 Profoundly skilled in the black art,
 As English Merlin, for his heart,§
 But far more skilful in the spheres,
 Than he was at the sieve and shears
 He could transform himself to colour,
 As like the devil as a collier,||
 As like as hypocrites, in show,
 Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
 Of warlike engines he was author,
 Devised for quick dispatch of slaughter ;
 The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,¶
 He was th' inventor of, and maker;
 The trumpet and the kettle-drum
 Did both from his invention come,

* Simeon Wait, a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs, who with equal blasphemy would style Cromwell the arch-angel giving battle to the devil—L'ESTRANGE

† Alluding to his budget, made of hog-skin.

‡ Some authorities ascribe the brazen head to Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, others to Albertus Magnus, others to Roger Bacon, a learned friar of the thirteenth century

§ Lilly, the astrologer, seems to be alluded to. He published two tracts in which he assumed the title given to him here—*Merlinus Anglicus*

|| The old saying—As the devil said to the collier—probably suggested the comparison

¶ A piece of artillery.

He was the first that e'er did teach
 To make, and how to stop, a breach *
 A lance he bore with iron pike,
 Th' one half would thrust, the other strike,
 And when their forces he had joined,
 He scorned to turn his parts behind

He Trulla† loved, Trulla, more bright
 Than burnished armour of her knight,
 A bold virago, stout, and tall,
 As Joan of France,‡ or English Mall,§
 Through perils both of wind and limb,
 Through thick and thin she followed him
 In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
 And never him, or it forsook.
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
 She shared i' th' hazard, and the prize,
 At beating quarters up, or forage,
 Behaved herself with matchless courage,
 And laid about in fight more busily
 Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile ||
 And though some critics here cry Shame,
 And say our authors are to blame,

* Alluding to the practice charged upon itinerant tinkers of making holes for the purpose of getting them to mend again

† The person supposed to be intended here was the daughter of James Spencer, debauched by Magnano, the tinker. Trull is a low profligate woman—generally applied to a camp follower, or one who trundles after the soldiers. The wife, or mistress, of a travelling tinker is called a trull, for the same reason

‡ Joan of Arc

§ Mary Carlton, sometimes called English Moll, or Kentish Moll, and commonly known as the German Princess. She was sentenced to transportation, but being soon afterwards detected at large, was hanged at Tyburn in 1672.—G The reference in the text more probably applies to the famous Mary Frith, *alias* Moll Cut purse, whose masculine vigour and frequent assumption of male attire rendered her sex a matter of doubt with some people. She was a notorious thief and cut-purse, and once committed a robbery on no less a person than General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate, but being wealthy enough to purchase her liberty, she contrived to escape the gallows, and died of a dropsy in her seventy-fifth year. Some account of her is given by Granger

|| The queen of the Amazons, killed by Achilles

That, spite of all philosophers,
 Who hold no females stout but bears,
 And heretofore did so abhor
 That women should pretend to war,
 They would not suffer the stout'st dame,
 To swear by Hercules's name,*
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,
 To fight like termagants and Turks,
 To lay their native arms aside,
 Their modesty, and ride astride,
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield
 Their naked tools in open field,†
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,‡
 And she that would have been the mistress
 Of Gondibert,§ but he had grace,
 And rather took a country lass,
 They say 'tis false without all sense,
 But of pernicious consequence
 To government, which they suppose
 Can never be upheld in prose,||
 Strip nature naked to the skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so, yet what we tell
 Of Trulla, that's improbable,
 Shall be deposed by those have seen't,
 Or, what's as good, produced in print,
 And if they will not take our word,
 We'll prove it true upon record

* There were different oaths amongst the Romans for the men and women According to Macrobius, women did not swear by Hercules

† A fine satire on the Italian poets, Ariosto and Tasso, who have female warriors, followed in this absurdity by Spenser and Davenant
 —WARBURTON

‡ Formidable women-at-arms in the romances of chivalry

§ The princess Rhodahnd, rejected by Gondibert, who fell in love with Birtha, the daughter of the sage Astragon

|| In ridicule of Davenant, who labours to show, in his preface to *Gondibert*, that neither divines, leaders of armies, statesmen, nor ministers of law, can uphold the government without the aid of poetry —WARBURTON.

The upright Cerdon* next advanc't,
 Of all his race the valiant'st,
 Cerdon the Great, renowned in song,
 Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
 He raised the low, and fortified
 The weak against the strongest side:†
 Ill has he read that never hit
 On him in muses' deathless writ ‡.
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,
 That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
 With whom his black-thumbed ancestor§
 Was comrade in the ten years' war:
 For when the restless Greeks sat down
 So many years before Troy town,
 And were renowned, as Homer writes,
 For well-soled boots|| no less than fights,
 They owed that glory only to
 His ancestor, that made them so
 Fast friend he was to reformation,
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;
 Next rectifier of wry law,
 And would make three to cure one flaw.
 Learnèd he was, and could take note,
 Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote;

* Probably Colonel Hewson, who had been a cobbler in his youth, and afterwards combined the functions of preacher and commander. Hewson is frequently taunted in the ballads with his early vocation, and a dissertation on boots was written in express ridicule of him. His notoriety in verse is alluded to in a subsequent couplet.

† Alluding, Warburton supposes, to his profession of supplying new heels, when the old ones were worn out, and mending old soles.

‡ A parody on the lines in *Gondibert* —

Recorded Rhodannd, whose high renown
 Who miss in books, not luckily have read

§ The higher the plum-tree, the riper the plum,
 The richer the cobbler, the blacker his thumb

Old rhyme

|| 'Ευκρημίδες Ἀχαιοὶ — *Iliad*

But preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He used to lay about and stickle,
Like ram or bull at conventicle.
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from skulls.

Last Colon* came, bold man of war,
Destined to blows by fatal star,
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this:
He and his horse were of a piece;
One spirit did inform them both,
The self-same vigour, fury, wroth;
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart,
Although his horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes †
Strange food for horse¹ and yet, alas¹
It may be true, for flesh is grass ‡
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable;
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat
He ripped the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, § 'cause she wanted fother,

* Ned Perry, an ostler.

† Diomedes, King of Thrace, is said to have fed his horses in this way, and to have been eaten by them ultimately himself, his dead body having been thrown to them by Hercules

‡ 'All flesh is grass, not only metaphorically, but literally, for all those creatures we behold are but herbs of the field digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in ourselves'—BROWNE—*Vulgar Errors*.

§ This image is a happy example of that false grandeur of expression which is one of the principal elements of the mock epic Ripping up the womb of Dame Tellus is merely a highly metaphorical way of saying that he ploughed the earth

And provender, wherewith to feed
 Himself and his less cruel steed
 It was a question whether he
 Or's horse, were of a family
 More worshipful, 'till antiquaries,
 After they 'd almost pored out their eyes,
 Did very learnedly decide
 The business on the horse's side,
 And proved not only horse, but cows,
 Nay pigs, were of the elder house
 For beasts, when man was but a piece
 Of earth himself, did th' earth possess
 These worthies were the chief that led
 The combatants each in the head
 Of his command, with arms and rage
 Ready and longing to engage.
 The numerous rabble was drawn out
 Of several counties round about,
 From villages remote, and shires,
 Of east and western hemispheres ;
 From foreign parishes and regions,
 Of different manners, speech, religions,*
 Came men and mastiffs, some to fight
 For fame and honour, some for sight.
 And now the field of death, the lists,
 Were entered by antagonists,

* In a thanksgiving sermon preached before Parliament for the taking of Chester, Mr. Case stated that there were at least one hundred and eighty new sects in London, and 'many of such a nature as that I may truly say in Calvin's language, the errors and innovations under which they groaned of late years, were but tolerable trifles, children's play, compared with these damnable doctrines of devils' Another preacher testified to a similar spread of 'heresies' in the country, and instanced a church-living in Berkshire, which he said 'was possessed by a blasphemer, one in whose house he believed some could testify that the devil was as visibly familiar as any one of the family' This rout of sectaries was supplied with voluntary and itinerant orators from the diegs of the population, and, in making preaching the 'chiefest talent' of the cobbler Butler satirizes the whole class of popular preachers, amongst whom were to be found nailers, tailors, bakers, weavers, &c The journals on the Royalist side frequently assailed them in epigrams and lampoons.

And blood was ready to be broached,
 When Hudibras in haste approached,
 With squire and weapons to attack 'em;
 But first thus from his horse bespake 'em.

'What rage, O citizens! what fury
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry? *
 What *œstrum*, † what phrenetic mood
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
 While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
 And, unrevenged, walks ——— ghost? ‡
 What towns, what garrisons might you,
 With hazard of this blood, subdue,
 Which now y' are bent to throw away
 In vain, untriumphable fray? §
 Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
 Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?
 The Cause, for which we fought and swore
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
 Then because quarrels still are seen
 With oaths and swearings to begin,
 The solemn league and covenant
 Will seem a mere God-damme rant,
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out.
 For as we make war for the king
 Against himself, || the self-same thing

* Quis furor, O Cives, quæ tanta licentia ferri,
 Gentibus invisit Latinum præbere cruorem? &c

LUCAN — *Pharsalia*, i

† *œstrum* is not only a Greek word for madness, but signifies also a gad-bee or horse-fly, that torments cattle in the summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad — G

‡ The blank should be filled up with the name of Waller. The person indicated is Sir William Waller, who, after his defeat at Devizes, lost his *prestige* amongst the parliamentary generals, and became but the ghost, or shadow, of what he had been before. Devizes was called *De Vies*, or the *Vies*. Others, says Dr Nash, fill up the blank with the name of Hampden, who was killed on Chalgrove-field about the time of Waller's defeat.

§ Alluding to the Roman usage of refusing an ovation, or triumph, to the conqueror in a civil war.

|| 'They not only declared,' says Clarendon, 'that they fought for

Some will not stick to swear, we do
 For God, and for religion too,
 For if bear-baiting we allow,
 What good can reformation do?
 The blood and treasure that's laid out
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
 Are these the fruits o' th' protestation,
 The prototype of reformation,
 Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
 Wore in their hats like wedding garters,*
 When 'twas resolvèd by their house
 Six members' quarrel to espouse?†
 Did they for this draw down the rabble,
 With zeal, and noises formidable;
 And make all cries about the town
 Join throats to cry the bishops down?
 Who having round begirt the palace,
 As once a month they do the gallows,
 As members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.
 When tinkers bawled aloud, to settle
 Church-discipline, for‡ patching kettle.
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn
 To geld a cat, but cried Reform.

the king, but that the raising and maintaining soldiers for their own army would be an acceptable service for the King, parliament, and kingdom'

* The Protestation was adopted by the Commons, printed and circulated in May, 1641, and the people in London carried it about on the points of their spears. In the following December, when a tumultuous multitude went down to Westminster to demand justice on the Earl of Strafford, they rolled up the protestation, or a paper intended to represent it, and carried it in their hats instead of feathers, an example which was subsequently followed in different parts of the country

† Lord Kimbolton, Pym, Hollis, Hampden, Sir Arthur Haselrig, and Stroud. They were implicated in the tumults raised by the Scots, and the king ordered them to be apprehended, and, finding that the Commons voted against their arrest, he went in person with his guards to seize them, but, having warning of his intention, they effected their escape

‡ That is, instead of.

The oyster-women locked their fish up,
And trudged away to cry No Bishop,
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
And 'gainst ev'l counsellors did cry;
Botcher's left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the church;
Some cried the covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread;
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawled out to purge the Commons house:
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A gospel-preaching ministry;
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No surplices nor service-book:
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation
And is this all? Is this the end
To which these carr'ings on did tend?
Hath public faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
And run int' every tradesman's book,
Till both turn bankrupts, and are broke? *
Did saints for this bring in their plate, †
And crowd, as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flagons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons,
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men, as soon

* The Parliament took up money, provisions, and goods from all classes of tradesmen upon the public faith, promising to pay 8 per cent. interest

† Large quantities of plate were brought in, both to the service of the Parliament and the King, to be melted down, and coined for the payment of the soldiers.

As in the furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown *
 Then was the Cause all gold and plate,
 The brethren's offerings, consecrate,
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
 The saints fell prostrate, to adore it †
 So say the wicked—and will you
 Make that sarcasmus ‡ scandal true,
 By running after dogs and bears,
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
 Have powerful preachers plied their tongues,
 And laid themselves out, and their lungs,
 Used all means, both direct and sin'ster,
 I' th' pow'r of gospel-preaching min'ster? §
 Have they invented tones, to win
 The women, and make them draw in
 The men, as Indians with a female
 Tame elephant inveigle the male? ||
 Have they told Providence what it must do,
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to
 Discovered th' Enemy's design,
 And which way best to countermine;
 Prescribed what ways he hath to work,
 Or it will ne'er advance the kirk?
 Told it the news o' th' last express, ¶
 And after good or bad success

* Ovid, *Metamorp* iii

† Exodus xxxii.

‡ Converted into an adjective

§ The people were constantly exhorted from the pulpits, by Calamy, Case, and the most eminent of the preachers, to contribute liberally to the wants of the Parliament

|| Alluding to the method of taking wild elephants by anointing a tame female elephant with a peculiar ointment which draws the wild elephant after her into an enclosure, where he is immediately taken

¶ It was not unusual to mix up allusions to the current incidents of the Civil War in the extemporaneous prayers, thus directly invoking divine favour in reference to passing events, and sometimes, as touched upon in the succeeding lines, this familiar mode of addressing Heaven was carried so far as to contain language of remonstrance at once ludicrous and irreverent

Made prayers, not so like petitions,
 As overtures and propositions,
 Such as the army did present
 To their creator, the parliament;
 In which they freely will confess,
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,
 Unless the work be carried on
 In the same way they have begun,
 By setting church and common-weal
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
 On which the saints were all a-gog,
 And all this for a bear and dog?
 The parliament drew up petitions
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,
 To well-affected persons, down
 In every city and great town,
 With power to levy horse and men,
 Only to bring them back again? *
 For this did many, many a mile,
 Ride manfully in rank and file,
 With papers in their hats, that showed
 As if they to the pill'ry rode!
 Have all these courses, these efforts,
 Been tried by people of all sorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis, †
 And all t' advance the cause's service,
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine fray?
 Shall we, that in the cov'nant swore
 Each man of us to run before

* Whenever it was desired to press forward any particular measure, some active members of the house would prepare a petition, and send it down into the country to their adherents to get it signed by the people. Lord Clarendon says that 'when a multitude of hands were procured, the petition itself was cut off, and a new one framed agreeable to the design in hand, and annexed to the list of names subscribed to the former, so that many men found their names subscribed to petitions they had never heard of before'

† With all their might

Another still in reformation
 Give dogs and bears a dispensation?
 How will dissenting brethren relish it?
 What will malignants* say? *Videlicet*,
 That each man swore to do his best,
 To damn and perjure all the rest,
 And bid the devil take the hin'most,
 Which at this race is like to win most.
 They'll say our business to reform
 The church and state, is but a worm,
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,†
 T' an unknown church's discipline,
 What is it else, but, before-hand,
 T' engage, and after understand?
 For when we swore to carry on
 The present reformation,
 According to the purest mode
 Of churches best reformed abroad,
 What did we else but make a vow
 To do, we knew not what, nor how?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what churches these should be,
 And is indeed the self-same case
 With theirs that swore *et ceteras*,‡
 Or the French league,§ in which men vowed
 To fight to the last drop of blood.

* The King's friends

† The first edition reads —

For to subscribe a church invisible,
 As we have sworn to do, it is a bull
 For when we swore to do it after
 The best reformed churches that are, &c

‡ This is an allusion to the oath proposed by the Convocation which sat in 1640, by which the clergy were sworn never to consent to alter the government of the church by archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, &c It was humorously called swearing to *et ceteras*, and Butler, with perfect impartiality, satirizes it as being quite as absurd as the Covenant oath which pledged its subscribers to adopt a plan of reformation according to the forms of other churches, with which they were not only unacquainted, but upon the choice of which they differed amongst themselves

§ The holy league in France, 1576, upon which the Scotch Covenant

These slanders will be thrown upon
 The cause and work we carry on,
 If we permit men to run headlong
 T' exorbitancies fit for Bedlam,
 Rather than gospel-walking times,
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
 But we the matter so shall handle,
 As to remove that odious scandal
 In name of king and parliament,*
 I charge ye all, no more foment
 This feud, but keep the peace between
 Your brethren and your countrymen;
 And to those places straight repair
 Where your respective dwellings are:
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The fiddler, as the prime offender,
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author, and engineer of mischief,
 That makes division between friends,
 For profane and malignant ends.
 He and that engine of vile noise,
 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought
 To condign pun'shment, as they ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay;
 For then I'll take another course,
 And soon reduce you all by force'
 This said, he clapped his hand on sword,
 To show he meant to keep his word

But Talgol, who had long suppressed
 Inflamèd wrath in glowing breast,
 Which now began to rage and burn as
 Implacably as flame in furnace,
 Thus answered him, 'Thou vermin wretched;
 As e'er in measled pork was hatchèd;

was modelled The league had its *Hudibras* in the well-known *Sature Menippée*.

* See *ante*, p 101, note ||.

Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
 On rump of justice as of cow,
 How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
 O' thyself, old ir'n, and other baggage,
 With which thy steed of bone and leather
 Has broke his wind in halting hither,
 How durst th', I say, adventure thus
 T' oppose thy lumber against us?
 Could thine impertinence find out
 No work t' employ itself about,
 Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
 Thy busy vanity might show?
 Was no dispute a-foot between
 The caterwauling bretheren?
 No subtle question raised among
 Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
 No prize between those combatants
 O' th' times, the land and water saints,*
 Where thou mightst stickle without hazard
 Of outrage, to thy hide and mazzard,†
 And not, for want of business, come
 To us to be thus troublesome,
 To interrupt our better sort
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
 Was there no felony, no bawd,
 Cut-purse,‡ or burglary abroad?
 No stolen pig nor plundered goose,
 To tie thee up from breaking loose?
 No ale unlicensed, broken hedge,
 For which thou statute mightst allege,
 To keep thee busy from foul evil,
 And shame, due to thee from the devil?

* The Presbyterians and Anabaptists

† Head

‡ Purses were formerly worn suspended from the girdle, and they were filched by cutting them, or the string by which they hung. A change of habits requiring a change of means in the ingenious fraternity of thieves, the cut-purse of the old times has been metamorphosed into the pick-pocket of the present day

Did no committee sit,* where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee,
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration,
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties and the common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee
H' had kept thee where th' art used to be;
Or sent th' on business any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither:
But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep within its lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones,
And cudgels, to thy hide and bones,
Tremble and vanish while thou mayst,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.'

At this the knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence, at length, these words broke out.

' Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be braved by foe to cattle?
Not all the pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal,
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat,
Not all thy magic to repair
Decayed old age, in tough lean ware,
Make natural death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork,
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood,

* Local committees sat in different places to receive information, and carve out work for the justices—such as hunting up sequestrations, levying fines, and sending delinquents to prison

Though armed with all thy cleavers, knives,
 And axes made to hew down lives,
 Shall save, or help thee to evade
 The hand of justice, or this blade,
 Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
 For civil deed and military
 Nor shall these words, of venom base,
 Which thou hast from their native place,
 Thy stomach, pumped to fling on me,
 Go unrevenged, though I am free : *
 Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
 Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
 With gauntlet blue and bases white, †
 And round blunt truncheon ‡ by his side,
 So great a man-at-arms defied,
 With words far bitterer than wormwood,
 That would in Job or Grizel § stir mood.
 Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
 But men with hands, as thou shalt feel '

This said, with hasty rage he snatched
 His gun-shot, that in holsters watched,
 And bending cock, he levelled full
 Against th' outside of Talgol's skull,
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
 Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder.
 But Pallas came in shape of rust, ||
 And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust

* That is, unaffected by your charges, free from the offences you accuse me of

† The blue sleeves and white apron, or, possibly, the white stockings of the butcher *Bases* sometimes in old authors means stockings, sometimes, when applied to women, petticoats, and, generally, refers to a part of the dress from the waist downwards Its original meaning seems to have been, a mantle which hung down from the middle

‡ The butcher's steel

§ Patient Grizel, whose story was derived by Chaucer from Petrarch

|| 'A banter,' observes Dr Nash, 'upon Homer, Virgil, and other epic poets, who have always a deity at hand to protect their heroes' It is the only instance, with the exception of Mars, afterwards brought

Her gorgon-shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere turned to a stock
Meanwhile fierce Talgol gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charged the knight;
But he, with petronel * upheaved,
Instead of shield, the blow received,
The gun recoiled as well it might,
Not used to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knocked down, and stunned, with mortal stripe
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword, yet not so fast,
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruised his head, and twice his back,
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
Courageously he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon.
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then revenged itself again:
And though the sword, some understood,
In force, had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so, both sides were balanc'd
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'st:
For wood, with honour b'ing engaged,
Is so implacably enraged,
Though iron hew, and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tired in the hot pursuit of death;
Whilst all the rest, amazed, stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.

in to aid the knight, as Pallas here appears to his discomfiture, in which Butler has introduced a derty

* A horseman's pistol, commonly called a horse-pistol.

This Hudibras observed, and fretting
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow,
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning flight, for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below

Meanwhile the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on,
Him Ralph encountered, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two,
Th' one armed with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree, and old iron rang,
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline,
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Performed what force could ne'er attain,
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropped them from the root,
He clapped them under the horse's tail,*
With prickles sharper than a nail,
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That galled him sorely under his tail,
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of squire and baggage from his back;

* A similar stratagem was practised on Rosinante and Dapple

And blundering still with smarting rump,
 He gave the knight's steed such a thump
 As made him reel. The knight did stoop,
 And sat on further side aslope.
 This Talgol viewing, who had now,
 By flight, escaped the fatal blow,
 He rallied, and again fell to't,
 For catching foe by nearer foot,
 He lifted with such might and strength,
 As would have hurled him thrice his length,
 And dashed his brains, if any, out,
 But Mars, who still protects the stout,
 In pudding-time came to his aid,
 And under him the bear conveyed;
 The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
 The knight with all his weight fell down.
 The friendly rug preserved the ground,
 And headlong knight, from bruise or wound.
 Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
 And heavy brunt of cannon-ball *
 As Sancho on a blanket fell,
 And had no hurt, ours fared as well
 In body, though his mighty spirit,
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The bear was in a greater fright,
 Beat down, and worsted by the knight;
 He roared, and raged, and flung about,
 To shake off bondage from his snout
 His wrath inflamed, boiled o'er, and from
 His jaws of death he threw the foam;
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,
 And more, than ever herald drew him.
 He tore the earth, which he had saved
 From squelch of knight, and stormed and raved;
 And vexed the more, because the harms
 He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:

* Alluding, probably, to old books of fortification —G

For men he always took to be
 His friends, and dogs the enemy,
 Who never so much hurt had done him
 As his own side did falling on him
 It grieved him to the guts, that they,
 For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
 And served with loss of blood so long,
 Should offer such inhuman wrong,
 Wrong of unsoldier-like condition;
 For which he flung down his commission,*
 And laid about him, till his nose
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose
 Soon as he felt himself enlarged,
 Through thickest of his foes he charged,
 And made way through th' amazed crew,
 Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,
 But took none, for, by hasty flight,
 He strove t' escape pursuit of knight,
 From whom he fled with as much haste
 And dread, as he the rabble chased
 In haste he fled, and so did they,
 Each and his fear† a several way.

Crowdiero only kept the field,
 Not stirring from the place he held,
 Though beaten down, and wounded sore,
 I th' fiddle, and the leg that bore
 One side of him, not that of bone,
 But much its better, th' wooden one.
 He spying Hudibras lie strewed
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,

* A ridicule on the petulant behaviour of the military men in the Civil Wars; it being the usual way for those of either party, at a distressful juncture, to come to the King or Parliament with some unreasonable demands, which, if not complied with, they would throw up their commissions, and go over to the opposite side, pretending, that they could not in honour serve any longer under such unsoldierlike indignities. These unhappy times afforded many instances of that kind; as Hurry, Middleton, Cooper, &c.—WABURTON

† That which he feared.

With fright of fall, supposed wound,
 And loss of urine,* in a swoond,
 In haste he snatched the wooden limb,
 That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
 And fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up, t' attack the knight,
 For getting up on stump and huckle,†
 He with the foe began to buckle,
 Vowing to be revenged for breach
 Of crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
 Sole author of all detriment
 He and his fiddle underwent.

But Ralpho, who had now begun
 T' adventure resurrection
 From heavy squelch, and had got up
 Upon his legs, with sprained crup,
 Looking about, beheld the bard
 To charge the Knight entranced prepared,
 He snatched his whinyard‡ up, that fled
 When he was falling off his steed,
 As rats do from a falling house,
 To hide itself from rage of blows;
 And winged with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue knight from black and blue
 Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
 The leg encountered twice and once,§
 And now 'twas raised, to smite again,
 When Ralpho thrust himself between,
 He took the blow upon his arm,
 To shield the knight from further harm;
 And, joining wrath with force, bestowed
 O' th' wooden member such a load,

* A double banter upon the supposed wound, which, instead of producing a loss of blood, produced a loss of another kind, the effect of fear.

† The hip

‡ A term of contempt for a sword.

§ In ridicule of the poetical way of expressing numbers.—WAR-BURTON.

That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propped before
To him the squire right nimbly run,
And setting conquering foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: 'What desperate frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhetoric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron 'gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare.'

This said, he gently raised the knight,
And set him on his bum upright,
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweaked his nose, with gentle thump
Knocked on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodged within.
They, wakened with the noise, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently opening lid, the casement,
Looked out, but yet with some amazement
This gladdened Ralphe much to see,
Who thus bespoke the knight: quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, 'You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror,*

* Alluding to the self-denying ordinance, by which members of both houses pledged themselves to relinquish their public employments Dr Grey suggests that probably Butler here meant to throw a particular slur upon Sir Samuel Luke, who, notwithstanding the self-denying

As high, victorious, and great,
 As e'er fought for the churches yet,
 If you will give yourself but leave
 To make out what y' already have,
 That's victory. The foe, for dread
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
 All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
 You did th' espoused cause undertake;
 And he lies prisoner at your feet,
 To be disposed as you think meet,
 Either for life, or death, or sale,
 The gallows, or perpetual jail,
 For one wink of your powerful eye
 Must sentence him to live or die
 His fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the service of the churches,
 And by your doom must be allowed
 To be, or be no more, a crowd:
 For though success did not confer
 Just title on the conqueror,
 Though dispensations were not strong
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong,
 Although out-goings did confirm,
 And owning were but a mere term,*
 Yet as the wicked have no right†
 To th' creature, though usurped by might,
 The property is in the saint,
 From whom th' injuriously detain't,
 Of him they hold their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;

ordinance, continued for twenty days to hold his office of Governor of Newport Pagnel,—at the request, however, of the inhabitants

* Into this passage Ralph crowds some of the current cant words alluded to in a previous note.

† As, according to the tenets of the Puritans, all dominion was founded in grace, so it was held that the wicked, or ungodly, had no rights of property of any kind.

All which the saints have tittle to,
 And ought t' enjoy, if they 'ad their due
 What we take from them is no more
 Than what was ours by right before,
 For we are their true landlords still,
 And they our tenants but at will'

At this the Knight began to rouse,
 And by degrees grow valorous
 He stared about, and seeing none
 Of all his foes remain but one,
 He snatched his weapon that lay near him
 And from the ground began to rear him,
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay
 For all the rest that ran away.
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
 His fury mildly thus withstood
 'Great Sir,' quoth he, 'your mighty spirit
 Is raised too high, this slave does merit
 To be the hangman's business, sooner
 Than from your hand to have the honour
 Of his destruction, I that am
 A nothingness* in deed and name,
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
 Or ill entreat his fiddle or case.
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
 In cold blood, which you gained in hot?
 Will you employ your conquering sword
 To break a fiddle, and your word?
 For though I fought and overcame,
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name:†
 For great commanders always own
 What's prosperous by the soldier done.

* Another of the cant terms, altered in subsequent editions to—

—— I that am

So much below in deed and name

† Obviously designed, as suggested by Dr Grey, to convey a satire upon the Parliament, who frequently infringed articles of capitulation granted by the generals, when they considered them advantageous to the opposite party.

To save, when you have power to kill,
Argues your power above your will,
And that your will and power have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This power which, now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a knight of straw,
For death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror,
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death, to you,
'Twere policy and honour too,
To do as you resolved to do
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To say it needs, or fears a crutch
Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pulled from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame:
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain,
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did, when y' were dubbed knight.
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him prisoner of war,
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be tried,
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety:
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique;
Or if his death will save, or yield
Revenge or fright, it is revealed,
Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have power to hang him when you please;

This has been often done by some
 Of our great conquerors, you know whom,*
 And has by most of us been held
 Wise justice, and to some revealed †
 For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror, are quickly broke,
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
 Direction and advice put on
 For if we should fight for the Cause
 By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak;
 But to the wicked or the weak
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-truths,‡ such as these are.'

This said, the high outrageous mettle
 Of knight began to cool and settle
 He liked the squire's advice, and soon
 Resolved to see the business done;
 And therefore charged him first to bind
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
 And to its former place, and use,
 The wooden member to reduce;
 But force it take an oath before,
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more §

* The conduct of Cromwell and the Parliament to their prisoners is pointed at all through this speech Lord Capel's case is a conspicuous instance, but many others might be adduced to show that Royalists were put to death in violation of express, or understood, promises, and without any special justification

† In some cases, after quarter had been given, prisoners were put to death by hot-blooded zealots, who pretended that they acted in obedience to a revelation

‡ Truths revealed only to the perfect

§ When a prisoner was released, he was made to swear that he would not bear arms against his conquerors again In ridicule of a custom which, in the circumstances of the country, was of little effect, Hudibras administers the oath to Crowdero's wooden leg.

Ralpho despatched with speedy haste,
And having tied Crowdero fast,
He gave sir knight the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, while the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The squire in state rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy-fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side,
And towed him, if he lagged behind,
Like boat against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite through the town they 'ad gone,
At further end of which there stands
An ancient castle, that commands
Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by powerful spell
Of magic made impregnable.
There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate;
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confined,
With walls of subtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.*

* In this inimitable piece of humour we have a grotesquely pompous description of the stocks.

Thither arrived, th' adventurous knight
 And bold squire from their steeds alight
 At th' outward wall, near which there stands
 A Bastile, built t' imprison hands,*
 By strange enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater :
 For tho' the body may creep through,
 The hands in grate are fast enow .
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist
 Is made by beadle exorcist,
 The body feels the spur and switch,
 As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
 At twenty miles an hour pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
 On top of this there is a spire,
 On which sir knight first bids the squire
 The fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
 In manner of a trophy, place
 That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
 And let Crowdero down thereat
 Crowdero making doleful face,
 'Like hermit poor in pensive place,†
 To dungeon they the wretch commit,
 And the survivor of his feet ,
 But th' other that had broke the peace,
 And head of knighthood, they release,
 Though a delinquent false and forged,
 Yet being a stranger, he's enlarged,‡
 While his comrade, that did no hurt,
 Is clapped up fast in prison for't
 So justice, while she winks at crimes,
 Stumbles on innocence sometimes

* The whipping-post

† The beginning of a popular love song in vogue about 1650

‡ Dr Grey supposes that this is an allusion to the case of Sir Bernard Gascoign, who was condemned at Colchester with Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, and was respited from execution because he was a foreigner.

PART I — CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT

The scattered rout return and rally,
 Surround the place, the knight does sally,
 And is made prisoner then they seize
 Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
 Crowdero, and put the squire in's place
 I should have first said Hudibras

AY me! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron! *
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
 Do dog him still with after-claps!
 For though dame Fortune seem to smile,
 And leer upon him for a while,
 She'll after show him, in the nick
 Of all his glories, a dog-trick
 Thus any man may sing or say
 I' th' ditty called, 'What if a day?' †
 For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
 The field, as certain as a gun,
 And having routed the whole troop,
 With victory was cock-a-hoop,
 Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase
 Thanksgiving-day among the churches,
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth
 Might be explained by holder-forth,

* Ay me! how many perils do enfold
 The righteous man to make him daily fall
 SPENSER — *F Queen* 1 8

† The old ballad is probably that of which the following is the opening stanza —

What if a day, or a month, or a year
 Crown thy delights
 With a thousand wished contentings?
 Cannot the chance of a night or an hour
 Cross thy delights
 With as many sad tormentings?

And registered by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of diurnal,*
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host,
And that a turn-stale is more certain
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scattered round about,
Chased by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of knight and bear,
All but the dogs, who in pursuit
Of the knight's victory stood to't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat,†
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquered and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and faced about,
As if they meant to stand it out.
For now the half-defeated bear,
Attacked by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain faced about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Faced the proud foe, and fled, and faced,
Retiring still, until he found
He 'ad got th' advantage of the ground,
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untried, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic,

* The diurnals, as explained in a previous note, were the journals in the interest of the Parliament

† An allusion, observes Warburton, to the complaint of the Presbyterian commanders against the Independents, when the self-denying ordinance had brought in the one to the exclusion of the other.

Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gained a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charged, and for a while
Forced their whole body to recoil,
But still their numbers so increased,
He found himself at length oppressed,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolved, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
Th' enemy, i' th' greatest throng;
But what could single valour do,
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believed, where th' odds were such,
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he opposed,
His rear was suddenly enclosed,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great
For now the mastiffs, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And, setting his right foot before,
He raised himself to show how tall
His person was above them all.
Thus equal shame and envy stirred
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and staved it out,

Disdaining to lay down his arms,
 And yield on honourable terms
 Enragèd thus, some in the rear
 Attacked him, and some everywhere,*
 Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
 And, being down, still laid about,
 As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
 Is said to fight upon his stumps †
 But all, alas! had been in vain,
 And he inevitably slain,
 If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
 To rescue him had not been quick :
 For Trulla, who was light of foot,
 As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot, ‡
 But not so light as to be borne
 Upon the ears of standing corn, §
 Or trip it o'er the water quicker
 Than witches, when their staves they liquor, ||

* Like dastard curs, that having at a bay
 The savage beast, embossed in weary chace,
 Dare not adventure on the stubborn prey,
 Ne bite before, but roam from place to place
 To get a snatch, when turnèd is his face

SPENSER — *F Queen*, III. 1.

† For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps,
 For when his legs were smitten off
 He fought upon his stumps. — *Chevy Chase*

‡ This line has occasioned some discussion. A friend of Dr Grey's suggested that the following alteration would be an improvement

As long field shafts, which Parthians shoot

Warburton proposes to read long-filed, the Parthians being in the habit of ranging themselves in long files, for the convenience of sudden retreats and charges. Dr Nash thinks the epithet may be explained by the fact that the Parthians were settled in deserts, and spread themselves over vast open fields and wide champagnes. The editor of the last reprint of Dr Nash's edition clears up the difficulty. The word long-field is a term in archery, and, therefore, properly applied to the Parthians.

§ Alluding to the Camilla of Virgil, whose speed is hyperbolically imitated in a well-known line of Pope

|| That is, when they grease their broomsticks to increase their rapidity.

As some report, was got among
The foremost of the martial throng;
There pitying the vanquished bear,
She called to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight, to whom,
'Shall we,' quoth she, 'stand still hum-drum,
And see stout bruin, all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown?
Such feats already he 'as achieved,
In story not to be believed,
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off'

'I would,' quoth he, 'venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him,
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late,
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out'
This said, they waved their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground,
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turned tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run
Meanwhile th' approached th' place where bruin
Was now engaged to mortal ruin.
The conquering foe they soon assailed,
First Trulla staved, and Cerdon tailed,*
Until their mastiffs loosed their hold;
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before.
For as Achilles, dipped in pond,
Was anabaptized free from wound,

* That is, Trulla separated the dogs and the bear by interposing her staff, and Cerdon by dragging off the dogs by their tails.

Made proof against dead-doing steel
 All over, but the pagan heel,*
 So did our champion's arms defend
 All of him but the other end,
 His head and ears, which in the martial
 Encounter lost a leathern parcel;
 For as an Austrian archduke once
 Had one ear, which in ducatoons
 Is half the coin, in battle pared
 Close to his head,† so bruin fared;
 But tugged and pulled on th' other side,
 Like scrivener newly crucified,‡
 Or like the late-collected leathern
 Ears of the circumcisèd brethren.§
 But gentle Trulla into th' ring
 He wore in's nose conveyed a string,
 With which she marched before, and led
 The warrior to a grassy bed,
 As authors write, in a cool shade,
 Which eglantine and roses made,
 Close by a softly-murmuring stream,
 Where lovers used to loll and dream,
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Securèd from pursuit of foes,
 And wanting nothing but a song,
 And a well-tuned theorbo|| hung

* The Anabaptists made proof against sin, and Achilles against steel, by dipping The comparison, leaving still the pagan heel vulnerable, is full of subtlety

† Albert, Archduke of Austria, brother to the Emperor Rodolph. Pulling off his murrion, or head-piece, in the heat of battle, his ear was struck by the point of a spear

‡ The pillory, and the loss of the ears, were the punishments to which scriveners and lawyers were liable for forgery, and other dishonest practices

§ Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick, stood in the pillory, and had their ears cut off Prynne's ears were said to have been afterwards sown on, and to have grown anew, only to be again cut off under a second sentence Burton was a preacher, Bastwick a physician, and Prynne the celebrated lawyer

|| An instrument resembling a large lute, having two necks, the longer

Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugged ears suffered, with a strain
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader, and the rest

For Orsin, who was more renowned
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fights, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot,
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursued the chase,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind.
Grieved to behold his bear pursued
So basely by a multitude,
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers, of his coward foes,
He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas,
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret : *
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear ;
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,

of which sustains the last four rows of chords which give the deepest sounds. It has eight bass strings twice as long as those of the lute, which, from their great length, produce an exceedingly soft sound, capable of considerable prolongation. It was sometimes called the arch-lute, and was used chiefly as an accompaniment to the voice.

* Intended as a banter upon the use of echoes by the poets, especially the pastoral poets. It is justly observed by Addison that the concert of making Echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers, is more excusable in Ovid than in other writers, because he introduces Echo as a nymph before she had become merely a voice. Butler, however, does not make his Echo enter into conversation, but contrives, by simply seizing upon a predominant sound, and giving it back a little distorted, as a real echo might, to preserve a certain air of probability which infinitely enhances the humour of the ridicule.

That make her, in their ruthless stories,
 To answer to int'rogatories,
 And most unconscionably depose
 To things of which she nothing knows,
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy
 Quoth he, 'O whither, wicked Bruin,
 Art thou fled? to my'—Echo, *Run*
 'I thought th' hadst scorned to budge a step
 For fear' Quoth Echo, *Marry guep*.^{*}
 'Am I not here to take thy part?
 Then what has quailed thy stubborn heart?
 Have these bones rattled, and this head
 So often in thy quarrel bled?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
 For thy dear sake' Quoth she, *Mum budget* †
 'Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish?†
 Thou turn'dst thy back?' Quoth Echo, *Pish*
 'To run from those th' hadst overcome
 Thus cowardly?' Quoth Echo, *Mum*.

* *Guep, gip, or gup*, seems to have been an asseveration of contempt or derision, a corruption of *go up*, as used by the children to Elisha, 'Go up, thou bald head, go up' *Marry* (By Mary) *guep*, or *Marry go up*, is conjectured to be the original of the asseveration common in the old plays, and conveying the same signification *Marry come up*. In the following examples, the expression is obviously used in a contemptuous sense —

Is any man offended? marry gep
 With a horse night-cap doth your jadeship skip?

J TAYLOR'S *Motto*.

Mary gep, goody She-justice, mistress French hood

BEN JONSON — *Bar Fair*, 1

Cotgrave, under the article *Magnagna*, appears to use it in the way of assent or agreement—'Mary gep, sir, true Roger' Skelton has an adoration in his *Garland of Laurel*—'By Mary gipcy'—but it seems to be used merely as an oath, or exclamation

† A cant word, imposing or implying silence —

I come to her in white, and cry *mum*, she cries *budget*

Merry Wives of Windsor, v 2

‡ To bring an accusation against a person, equivalent to the phrase, to lay a charge at one's door.

‘ But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy?
Or, if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endured for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honour’s cause?’ Quoth she, *A Pudd’n*
This said, his grief to anger turned,
Which in his manly stomach burned,
Thurst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze
He vowed the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo,
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffered, and his bear
This be’ng resolved, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and giving o’er
To search for bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out where’er he was,
And, if he were above ground, vowed
He’d ferret him, lurk where he would.

But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encountered with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue
Honour, revenge, contempt and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
’Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras,
Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,
And resolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:
‘ Shall we,’ quoth he, ‘ thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass,
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,

With that more paltry ragamuffin,
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
 As if th' had routed us in battle?
 For my part, it shall ne'er be said
 I for the washing gave my head *
 Nor did I turn my back for fear
 Of them, but losing of my bear,
 Which now I'm like to undergo;
 For whether these fell wounds, or no,
 He has received in fight, are mortal,
 Is more than all my skill can fortel;
 Nor do I know what is become
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
 But if I can but find them out
 That caused it, as I shall no doubt,
 Where'er th' in hugger-mugger† lurk,
 I'll make them rue their handy-work,
 And wish that they had rather dared
 To pull the devil by the beard ‡

Quoth Cerdon, 'Noble Orsin, th' hast
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,
 And so has every body here,
 As well as thou hast, or thy bear.
 Others may do as they see good;
 But if this twig be made of wood
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
 Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,

* That is, would not surrender or compromise the matter

† Concealment To do a thing in *hugger-mugger* was to do it clandestinely —

—— For most that most things knew,
 In hugger-mugger uttered what they durst

Mirror for Mag

I have refused, because I fear they will condemn me in hugger-mugger
 —PHILPOT'S *Letters*

Hudge-mudge was another form of the same expression

‡ A common saying, meaning to undertake any desperate or perilous achievement, there being no insult greater, and, therefore, more hazardous, than that of pulling the beard

And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,
That braved us all in his behalf
Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugged indeed, and wounded vey' ill,
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest, for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away'

This said, they all engaged to join
Their forces in the same design,
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious knight befel,
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seemed to grow
No where so green as on his brow;
Laden with which, as well as tired
With conquering toil, he now retired
Unto a neighbouring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit medicines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of every honourable bang,
Which being by skilful midwife dressed,
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure land,
For he, in all his amorous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels,
Drew home his bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the knight;

The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall him in the purtenance,*
 But time had somewhat 'suaged his pain,
 After he found his suit in vain:
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
 That belly that so oft did ache,
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs,†
 Had almost brought him off his legs,
 Used him so like a base rascallion,
 That old Pyg—what d' y' call him—malion,‡
 That cut his mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks,
 'Mong which one cross-grained freak she had,
 As insolent as strange and mad,
 She could love none but only such
 As scorned and hated her as much
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady,
 Not love, if any loved her hey day!
 So cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight
 So some diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the sound
 He that gets her by heart, must say her
 The back way, like a witch's prayer.
 Meanwhile the knight had no small task
 To compass what he durst not ask:
 He loves, but dares not make the motion;
 Her ignorance is his devotion §

* The pluck of an animal, containing the heart.

† Supposed to be antidotes to love

‡ The story of Pygmalion, who fell in love with a statue, is related by Ovid—*Metamorph* x

§ If such a 'doctrine' was ever seriously entertained, that 'ignorance is the mother of devotion,' this line, as Dr Grey suggests, was probably

Like cantiff vile, that for misdeed
 Rides with his face to rump of steed,*
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
 Look one way, and another move,†
 Or like a tumbler‡ that does play
 His game, and looks another way,
 Until he seize upon the coney,
 Just so does he by matrimony.
 But all in vain, her subtle snout
 Did quickly wind his meaning out,
 Which she returned with too much scorn,
 To be by man of honour borne,
 Yet much he bore, until the distress
 He suffered from his spiteful mistress
 Did stir his stomach, and the pain
 He had endured from her disdain
 Turned to regret so resolute,
 That he resolved to wave his suit,
 And either to renounce her quite,
 Or for a while play least in sight.
 This resolution being put on,
 He kept some months, and more had done,

intended to convey a sarcasm upon those by whom it was held. It bears a more direct interpretation in reference to the knight, who, aware of the peculiar character of the lady, is afraid to avow his devotion, which her penetration enables her to detect notwithstanding.

* Alluding, perhaps, says Dr Grey, to five members of the army, who, in March, 1648, were forced to ride in New Palace-yard with their faces to their horses' tails, and also had their swords broken, and were cashiered, because they petitioned for relief of the oppressed Commonwealth.

† This figure seems to be borrowed from a play written by Dekker and Webster —

Now in good sooth, my lord, she has but used you
 As watermen use their fares, for she looked one way
 And rowed another — *The Wonder of a Kingdom* 1636

‡ A dog so called from his habit of tumbling and rolling, to divert attention, till he gets near enough to spring upon his prey. The tumbler was generally used in hunting rabbits.

But being brought so nigh by fate,
 The victory he achieved so late
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
 A door to discontinued hope,*
 That seemed to promise he might win
 His dame too, now his hand was in;
 And that his valour, and the honour
 He 'ad newly gained, might work upon her:
 These reasons made his mouth to water
 With amorous longings to be at her.

Thought he, unto himself,—Who knows
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
 As I but now have forced the troop?
 If nothing can oppugnè love,
 And virtue invious† ways can prove,
 What may not he confide to do
 That brings both love and virtue too?
 But thou bring'st valour, too, and wit,
 Two things that seldom fail to hit
 Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
 Which women oft are taken in ‡
 Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
 To be, that art a conqueror?
 Fortune the audacious doth *juvare*, §
 But lets the timidous miscarry
 Then, while the honour thou hast got
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
 And trust thy fortune with the rest
 Such thoughts as these the knight did keep
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep,

* A canting phrase used by the sectaries, when they entered upon any new mischief—WARBURTON † Impassable

‡ Alluding to the common notion that women are captivated by a red coat, or by skilful flattery Thus, Su Lucius O'Trigger, in *The Rivals*—‘They have a touch of the old serpent in them, and are easily caught by a bit of red cloth’

§ Fortes Fortuna adjuvat —TERENCE—*Phormio*, 1 4

And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the knight did start,
To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,
'Ralpho, despatch, to horse, to horse!'
And 'twas but time, for now the rout,
We left engaged to seek him out,
By speedy marches were advanced,
Up to the fort where he ensconced,
And all th' avenues had possessed,
About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t' assault:
Then called a council, which was best,
By siege, or onslaught, to invest
The enemy, and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This being resolved, in comely sort
They now drew up t' attack the fort,
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates* adventure,
To Ralpho called aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger,
That foresight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got,
Or to his shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his bed;

* Another sort, a different kind of adventure.

To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in sciences profound.

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When setting ope the postern gate,
Which they thought best to sally at,
The foe appeared, drawn up and drilled,
Ready to charge them in the field
This somewhat startled the bold knight,
Surprised with th' unexpected sight
The bruises of his bones and flesh
He thought began to smart afresh,
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage,
And thus he spoke. 'The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder's rallied, and appears
As if they had out-run their fears,
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat,
And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom
This is the same numeric crew
Which we so lately did subdue,
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageously did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: and when
We shall our shining blades again
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads
Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day, again
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.'

This said, his courage to inflame,
 He called upon his mistress' name *
 His pistol next he cocked a-new,
 And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ;
 And placing Ralpho in the front,
 Reserved himself to bear the brunt,
 As expert warriors use, then plied,
 With iron heel, his courser's side,
 Conveying sympathetic speed
 From heel of knight to heel of steed
 Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
 And speed, advancing to engage,
 Both parties now were drawn so close,
 Almost to come to handy-blows,†
 When Orsin first let fly a stone
 At Ralpho, not so huge a one
 As that which Diomed did maul
 Æneas on the bum withal,‡
 Yet big enough, if rightly hurled,
 T' have sent him to another world,
 Whether above ground, or below,
 Which saints, twice dipped, are destined to §
 The danger startled the bold squire,
 And made him some few steps retire ;
 But Hudibras advanced to's aid,
 And roused his spirits half dismayed
 He wisely doubting lest the shot
 O' th' enemy, now growing hot,

* In the romances of chivalry the champions always invoke the names of their mistresses when they are about to engage in dangerous enterprises Don Quixote, on such occasions, rarely omits a preliminary apostrophe to Dulcinea

† Handy-cuffs—literally, a blow of the hand The words were indifferently used Handy-blows will be found to occur again a few lines afterwards

‡ Homer, *Il* v , Virgil, *Æn* i , Juvenal, *Sat* xv

§ A notion of increased sanctification was attached to re-baptism by the Anabaptists Mr Abraham Wright, in the Preface to his *Five Sermons* (quoted by Dr Grey), 1656, speaks of certain chemical professors of religion who had been twice dipped, but were never baptized.

Might at a distance gall, pressed close
 To come, pell-mell, to handy-blows,
 And that he might their aim decline,
 Advanced still in an oblique line,
 But prudently forebore to fire,
 Till breast to breast he had got nigher,*
 As expert warriors use to do,
 When hand to hand they charge their foe
 This order the adventurous knight,
 Most soldier-like, observed in fight,
 When Fortune, as she's wont, turned fickle,
 And for the foe began to stickle
 The more shame for her goodyship
 To give so near a friend the slip
 For Colon, choosing out a stone,
 Levelled so right, it thumped upon
 His manly paunch, with such a force,
 As almost beat him off his horse
 He loosed his whinyard, and the rein,
 But laying fast hold on the mane,
 Preserved his seat: and, as a goose
 In death contracts his talons close,
 So did the knight, and with one claw
 The trigger of his pistol draw
 The gun went off; and as it was
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
 In all his feats of arms, when least
 He dreamt' of it, to prosper best,
 So now he fared ' the shot, let fly
 At random, 'mong the enemy,
 Pierced Talgol's gaberdine,† and grazing
 Upon his shoulder, in the passing
 Lodged in Magnano's brass habergeon,‡
 Who straight, ' A surgeon ' cried—' A surgeon '

* The plan said to have been usually adopted by Cromwell, who reserved the fire of his troops till they approached close enough to do effective execution

† A coarse cloak, or mantle.

‡ A breast-plate of mail, or close steel.

He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did 'Murther! murther! murther!' yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the knight had not let go ^{his}
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
He 'ad won, the second time, the fight,
As, if the squire had but fallen on,
He had inevitably done.

But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his wound, forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon being engaged
In close encounter, they both waged
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of death
Had tired them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forced them part.
Ralpho pressed up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements and hearty.

Quoth Ralpho, 'Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up, once more fall on,
The shattered foe begins to run
For if but half so well you knew
To use your victory as subdue,^{*}
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have given them, face us now,

* Dr Nash thinks this has some reference to Prince Rupert, who was generally successful at his first onset, but sometimes lost his advantage by too long a pursuit

But from so formidable a soldier,
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Waved o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
But if you let them re-collect
Their spirits, now dismayed and checked,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet ye 'ave had, to get the day.'

Thus spoke the stout squire, but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue,
To which he answered, 'Cruel fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late
The clotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque* an end
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit,
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolved to pull my stomach down
I am not apt, upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond,
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail,
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that w' had time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course, but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:

* To approach, or draw near—another specimen of the Knight's pedantry.

For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.'

This said, the squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms, which, by mischance,
Fell from the bold knight in a trance
These being found out, and restored
To Hudibras, their natural lord,
As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again
Thrice he essayed to mount aloft;
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pulled back, till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having placed him right, with speed
Prepared again to scale the beast,
When Orsin, who had newly dressed
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side,
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cried out, "'Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally,
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be's dole'*

This said, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving th' enemy to attack
Before he reached his horse's back

* Share, portion —

He all in all, and all in every part,
Doth share to each his due, and equal dole impart

FLETCHER — *Purple Island*, vi

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over,
When Orsin, rushing in, bestowed
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough squire, like a sack,
Or stout king Richard,* on his back,
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruised, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prow'ss,
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flowed
This, with the hazard of the squire,
Inflamed him with spiteful ire,
Courageously he faced about,
And drew his other pistol out,
And now had half way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, 'thwait his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm,
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Essay'd to pull him off his steed.
The knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropped off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescued him
He with his lance attacked the knight
Upon his quarters opposite :

* Richard III, whose dead body, after the battle of Bosworth Field, was flung across the back of a horse, and in that manner, besmeared with blood and dirt, conveyed to Leicester

But as a bark that in foul weather,
Tossed by two adverse winds together,
Is bruised and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to,
So fared the knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose,
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunned
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,
Cried out, '*Victoria!* lie thou there,
And I shall straight despatch another
To bear thee company in death,
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe.'
As well he might, for Orsin, grieved
At the wound that Cerdon had received,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the knight had wheeled about,
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest
This being resolved, he spurred his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware,
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part applied remedy,
And seeing th' enemy prepared,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard;
Then, like a warrior, right expert
And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle knight straight made a halt,
And judged it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had relieved the squire,
And then, in order, to retire,

Or, as occasion should invite,
 With forces joined renew the fight.
 Ralpho, by this time disentranced,
 Upon his bum himself advanced,
 Though sorely bruised, his limbs all o'er,
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore.
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone,
 When Hudibras to aid him came
 Quoth he, and called him by his name,
 ' Courage, the day at length is ours,
 And we once more, as conquerors,
 Have both the field and honour won,
 The foe is profligate, and run,
 I mean all such as can, for some
 This hand hath sent to their long home,
 And some lie sprawling on the ground,
 With many a gash and bloody wound
 Cæsar himself could never say,
 He got two victories in a day,
 As I have done, that can say, twice I,
 In one day *Veni, vidi, vici*.*
 The foe's so numerous, that we
 Cannot so often *vincere*,
 And they *perire*, and yet enow
 Be left to strike an after-blow,
 Then, lest they rally, and once more
 Put us to fight the business o'er,
 Get up, and mount thy steed, despatch,
 And let us both their motions watch'
 Quoth Ralph, 'I should not, if I were
 In case for action, now be here;
 Nor have I turned my back, or hanged
 An arse, for fear of being banged.
 It was for you I got these harms,
 Adventuring to fetch off your arms

* The terms in which Cæsar, in a letter to his friend Amintius, described one of his victories

The blows and drubs I have received,
 Have bruised my body, and bereaved
 My limbs of strength unless you stoop,
 And reach your hand to pull me up,
 I shall lie here, and be a prey
 To those who are now run away'
 'That thou shalt not,' quoth Hudibras,
 'We read, the ancients held it was
 More honourable far *servare*
Civem, than slay an adversary,
 The one we oft to-day have done,
 The other shall despatch anon *
 And though th' art of a different church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.'†
 This said, he jogged his good steed nigher,
 And steered him gently t'wards the squire,
 Then bowing down his body, stretched
 His hand out, and at Ralpho reached,
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
 Charged him like lightening behind
 She had been long in search about
 Magnano's wound, to find it out;
 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startled him was got.
 But having found the worst was passed,
 She fell to her own work at last,
 The pillage of the prisoners,
 Which in all feats of arms was hers,
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
 When Hudibras his hard fate drew

* The custom of giving the *corona civica* to any soldier who saved the life of a Roman citizen by killing an enemy at the same time, is alluded to humorously later in the poem —

If th' ancients crowned their bravest men,
 That only saved a citizen,
 What victory could e'er be won,
 If every one would save but one?—in 3.

† A sneer at the Independents who, when they had got possession of the government, deserted their old allies, the Presbyterians —N

To succour him, for as he bowed
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and placed so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell
 'Yield, scoundrel base,' quoth she, 'or die,
Thy life is mine, and liberty;
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er a-fresh,
I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
And once more, for that carcase vile,
Fight upon tick.'—Quoth Hudibras,
 'Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise and take my sword,
That sword, which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds despatched,
Now with a feeble spinster matched,
Will blush, with blood ignoble stained,
By which no honour's to be gained.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Consider, while thou mayst, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force
For if with conquest I come off,
And that I shall do sure enough,
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in such a case,
Both which I now do offer freely'
 'I scorn,' quoth she, 'thou coxcomb silly,'
Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To shew how much she prized his speech,
 'Quarter or counsel from a foe;
If thou canst force me to it, do.

But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepared,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.'

This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and pressed so home,
That he retired, and followed 's bum
'Stand to't,' quoth she, 'or yield to mercy,
It is not fighting *arsue-versue* *
Shall serve thy turn'—This stirred his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came;
Which fired it so, he raised his arm
Above his head, and rained a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them ,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay back all with usury,
Which long she failed not of, for now
The knight with one dead-doing blow,
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charged upon it was so great,
As almost swayed him to the ground .
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew , and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his trunk a-stride,

* Upside down.

Quoth she, 'I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum.
 Say, will the law of arms allow
 I may have grace, and quarter now?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
 And stain thine honour, than thy sword?
 A man of war to damn his soul,
 In basely breaking his parole.
 And when before the fight, th' hadst vowed
 To give no quarter in cold blood,
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,*
 To make m' against my will take quarter,
 Why dost not put me to the sword,
 But cowardly fly from thy word?'

Quoth Hudibras, 'The day's thine own,
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down.
 My laurels are transplanted now,
 And flourish on thy conquering brow:
 My loss of honour's great enough,
 Thou needst not brand it with a scoff.
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
 But cannot blur my lost renown:
 I am not now in fortune's power,
 He that is down can fall no lower
 The ancient heroes were illustr'ous
 For being benign, and not blustrous
 Against a vanquished foe: their swords
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words,
 And did in fight but cut work out
 T' employ their courtesies about.†'

* There are different accounts of the origin of the phrase *Catching a Tartar*, but they generally agree in ascribing to the Tartars the determination to die on the field rather than suffer themselves to be made prisoners, a determination which makes them fight with desperate energy

† Dr Nash notes a similar observation in Cleveland's famous letter to the Protector — 'The most renowned heroes have ever with such tenderness cherished their captives, that their swords did but cut out work for their courtesies'

Quoth she, ' Although thou hast deserved,
 Base Slubberdegullion,* to be served
 As thou didst vow to deal with me,
 If thou hadst got the victory.
 Yet I shall rather act a part
 That suits my fame, than thy desert
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
 All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
 Are mine by military law,†
 Of which I will not bate one straw;
 The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore '

Quoth Hudibras, ' It is too late
 For me to treat or stipulate,
 What thou command'st I must obey;
 Yet those whom I expunged to-day,
 Of thine own party, I let go,
 And gave them life and freedom too,
 Both dogs and bear, upon their parole,
 Whom I took prisoners in this quarrel '

Quoth Trulla, ' Whether thou or they
 Let one another run away,
 Concerns not me; but was't not thou
 That gave Crowdero quarter too?
 Crowdero whom in irons bound,
 Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,‡
 Where still he lies, and with regret
 His generous bowels rage and fret,

* A drivelling or negligent fool, a compound of *slubber*, or *slab'er*, and *gull*

† In duels, the fees of the marshal were, all horses, pieces of broken armour, and other furniture that fell to the ground after the combatants entered the lists, all the rest belonged to the victor — G

‡ A cant term for a jail, or the stocks Its origin is unknown *Lob* signifies a lubber, or boor, and the term *pound* was generally applied to a place of temporary confinement The expression is used by Massinger —

—— he was the party
 Found in Lob's pound
Duke of Milan, m 2

But now thy carcase shall redeem,
 And serve to be exchanged for him '
 This said, the knight did straight submit,
 And laid his weapons at her feet .
 Next he disrobed his gaberdine,
 And with it did himself resign
 She took it, and forthwith divesting
 The mantle that she wore, said jesting,
 'Take that, and wear it for my sake,'
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back
 And as the French, we conquered once,
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,
 The length of breeches, and the gathers,
 Port-cannons, periwigs and feathers,*

* There is a slight anachronism in this passage. The French cannot be said to have given us laws in dress till after the Restoration. The fashions we then derived from them are ridiculed by Butler in some of his minor poems, to which the reader may be referred for further particulars. The petticoat breeches preceded the 'length of breeches' referred to. They were enormously large, decorated with ribands from the pockets half-way down the thighs, the waistband was set about with ribands, the shirt hanging out over it, and these vast breeches were fastened by the lining inside, above the knees. Long breeches, in imitation of the Dutch fashion, began to be worn by the Cavaliers in the time of the Civil War. They descended almost to the boot-tops, and were fringed with rows of points or ribands. The pantaloons belong to the Restoration. It was loose in the upper part, and puffed, and covered the legs, the lower part terminating in stockings. In an inventory of the time Charles II. pantaloons are mentioned, and a yard and a half of lutestring allowed for them. Port-cannons were streamers of ribands worn about the knees of the short breeches. Periwigs were originally brought into England about 1572. At first they were worn of divers colours to suit the complexion or taste of the wearer. In a tract of 1588, *The English Ape*, the writer says, 'It is a wonder more than ordinary to behold their periwigs of sundry colours.' Thus, also, one of Shakspeare's heroines, examining the portrait of her rival, exclaims —

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow .
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a coloured perwig

Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4.

That they were common enough in Shakspeare's time, when the rage for false hair was at its height, may be inferred from his allusions to them — See *Hamlet*, iii. 2, *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2, and numerous similar references in contemporary plays.

Just so the proud, insulting lass
Arrayed and dighted* Hudibras
 Meanwhile the other champions, erst
In hurry of the fight dispersed,
Arrived, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide,
With vengeance to be satisfied,
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back again,
She brandished o'er her head his sword,
And vowed they should not break her word;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, should make that quarter good,
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans:
Him she resolved that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place
 This stopped their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had achieved in fight,
She should dispose of how she pleased,
Crowdero ought to be released
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitched upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolved t' engage in.
The knight and squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,

* Sax *dúhtan*, to set, prepare, adorn

Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses.
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralpho pressed,
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on,
All ushering Trulla, in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither, with greater speed than shows,
And triumph over conquered foes
Do use t' allow, or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arrived,
In order, soldier-like contrived,
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster
The knight and squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanced, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in black art,
No less than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all entered at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground
Him they release from durance base,
Restored t' his fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage;
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,

And in the self-same limbo put
 The knight and squire, where he was shut,
 Where leaving them in th' wretched hole,*
 Their bangs and durance to condole,
 Confined and conjured into narrow
 Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow,
 In the same order and array
 Which they advanced, they marched away.
 But Hudibras, who scorned to stoop
 To fortune, or be said to droop,
 Cheered up himself with ends of verse,
 And sayings of philosophers.

Quoth he, 'Th' one half of man, his mind,
 Is, *su juris*, unconfined,†
 And cannot be laid by the heels,
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.
 'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
 That makes men prisoners or free,
 But perturbations that possess
 The mind, or equanimities
 The whole world was not half so wide
 To Alexander, when he cried,
 Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a palt'ry narrow tub to
 Diogenes, who is not said,
 For aught that ever I could read,
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
 Because h' had ne'er another tub.

* Originally printed 'Hockley-i'-th'-hole,' and altered by Butler, as above, in the second edition, probably because it assigned a locality to the conclusion of the adventure inconsistent with its opening, or, perhaps, because there was no such place in existence at the time when the action of the poem is supposed to have taken place. The earliest record of Hockley-in-the-hole is subsequent to the Restoration. It was a public garden near Clerkenwell Green, famous for bear and bull-baiting, and dog fights.

† Referring to that distinction in the civil law, *Sequitur de jure personarum alia divisio nam quædam personæ sui juris sunt, quædam alieno juri subjectæ* — *Justinian Institut.* m. 8 — G.

The ancients made two several kinds
 Of prowess in heroic minds,
 The active and the passive valiant,
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant;
 For both to give blows, and to carry,
 In fights are equi-necessary :
 But in defeats, the passive stout
 Are always found to stand it out
 Most desperately, and to out-do
 The active, 'gainst a conquering foe.
 Though we with blacks and blues are suggilled,*
 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgelled,
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,
 Though drubbed, can lose no honour by 't.
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,
 And cannot be extended from
 The legal tenant 'tis a chattel
 Not to be forfeited in battle
 If he that in the field is slain,
 Be in the bed of honour lain,
 He that is beaten may be said
 To lie in honour's truckle-bed †
 For as we see th' eclipsèd sun
 By mortals is more gazed upon
 Than when, adorned with all his light,
 He shines in serene sky most bright,
 So valour, in a low estate,
 Is most admired and wondered at'
 Quoth Ralph, 'How great I do not know
 We may, by being beaten, grow,
 But none that see how here we sit,
 Will judge us overgrown with wit.

* From *sugillo*—to beat black and blue

† A pun upon the word truckle—G The truckle-bed, sometimes called trundle-bed, is a low bed that runs upon wheels, and may be pushed under another The pun is very complete He who is beaten may be said to truckle, or submit, to his conqueror.

As gifted brethren, preaching by
 A carnal hour-glass,* do imply
 Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much, so well enough
 Know you to charge, but not draw off
 For who, without a cap and bauble,
 Having subdued a bear and rabble,
 And might with honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof, †
 A politic exploit, right fit
 For presbyterian zeal and wit ‡

Quoth Hudibras, 'That cuckoo's tone,
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon
 When thou at any thing wouldst rail,
 Thou mak'st presbytery thy scale
 To take the height on't, and explain
 To what degree it is profane,
 Whats'ever will not with—thy—what-d'-ye-call
 Thy light—jump right, thou call'st synodical.
 As if presbyt'ry were a standard
 To size whats'ever's to be slandered
 Dost not remember how this day
 Thou to my beard was bold to say,
 That thou couldst prove bear-baiting equal
 With synods, orthodox and legal?

* Preaching was usually regulated by an hour-glass, which stood in an iron frame fastened in front of the pulpit, so that the whole congregation should be able to see it, and thereby test the zeal of the preacher. Some of these frames were suffered to remain in the old churches long after the purpose for which they were placed there had gone into disuse.

† Who, except a fool, having the opportunity of coming off with credit, would venture a second encounter,

‡ The secret animosity of the Independents against the Presbyterians here breaks out in a moment of chagrin and vexation. Who, exclaims Ralph, except a fool, or a Presbyterian, would risk such an exploit. This jealousy between the sectaries is carried into a contention in the subsequent dialogue.

Do, if thou canst, for I deny't,
And dare thee to 't with all thy light.'

Quoth Ralpho ' Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in's brains,*
And could believe it worth his pains,
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.
Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport,
For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but several synagogues
Of carnal men, and bears and dogs:
Both antichristian assemblies,
To mischief bent, as far's in them lies.
But stave and tail with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth,
And that they bait but bears in this,
In th' other, souls and consciences,
Where saints themselves are brought to stake
For gospel-light and conscience' sake,
Exposed to scribes and presbyters,
Instead of mastiff dogs and curs,
Than whom they 'ave less humanity,
For these at souls of men will fly
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a bear,†

* A proverbial expression Thus Sancho Panza, reproaching Don Quixote, in like manner, for his want of common sense — 'Who the devil can hear a man call a barber's bason a helmet, and stand to it, and vouch it four days together, and not think him that says it stark mad, or without guts in his brains?'

† Daniel vii 5.

Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of church-rule, in this latter age :
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the pope's bull.*
 Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
 That live by rapine, so do they.
 What are their orders, constitutions,
 Church-censures, curses, absolutions,
 But several mystic chains they make,
 To tie poor christians to the stake ?
 And then set heathen officers,
 Instead of dogs, about their ears.
 For to prohibit and dispense,
 To find out, or to make offence,
 Of hell and heaven to dispose,
 To play with souls at fast and loose,
 To set what characters they please,
 And mulcts on sin or godliness,
 Reduce the church to gospel-order,
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder,
 To make presbytery supreme,
 And kings themselves submit to them,†
 And force all people, though against
 Their consciences, to turn saints,
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 When saints monopolists are made
 When pious frauds, and holy shifts,
 Are dispensations, and gifts,
 There godliness becomes mere ware,
 And ev'ry synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
 A mongrel breed of like pernicion,

* A divine in King James's time wrote a polemic against the Pope, which he called *The Pope's Bull baited*—G

† *The Book of Discipline*, published in the reign of Elizabeth, asserted that kings, no less than others, must submit to the ecclesiastical authority. The doctrine was revived by the Presbyterians.

And growing up, became the sires
 Of scribes, commissioners, and triers ;*
 Whose business is, by cunning sleight,
 To cast a figure for men's light ;
 To find, in lines of beard and face,
 The physiognomy of grace ,†
 And by the sound and twang of nose,
 If all be sound within, disclose,
 Free from a crack, or flaw of sinning,
 As men try pipkins by the ringing ,
 By black caps underlaid with white,‡
 Give certain guess at inward light ,
 Which serjeants at the Gospel wear,§
 To make the sp'ritual calling clear.
 The handkerchief about the neck—
 Canonical cravat of smeck,||
 From whom the institution came,
 When church and state they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of spiritual warfaring-men—
 Judge rightly if regeneration
 Be of the newest cut in fashion .

* Officers commissioned by Parliament to examine the qualifications of candidates for orders and the ruling elders in the congregations

† The triers pretended to judge of the candidates by their faces and beards A ruddy complexion was rejected at once The cadaverous hue, long-drawn physiognomy, and nasal twang were high recommendations ' They would scarce let a round-faced man go to heaven ' says Dr. Echard , ' if he had but a little blood in his cheeks, his condition was accounted very dangerous, and it was almost an infallible sign of reprobation ' Then questions generally were, ' When were you converted ? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit ? In what year ? In what month ? In what day ? About what hour of the day had you the secret call, or motion of the Spirit to undertake and labour in the ministry ? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul ? ' and many more regarding regeneration, predestination, &c

‡ The priests usually wore two caps, a white one under a black

§ The black coif

|| The members of the club, consisting of five Parliamentary ' holders-forth,' called Smectymnuus, a word formed from the initials of their names, wore cravats round their necks by way of distinction

Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
 That grace is founded in dominion *
 Great piety consists in pride;
 To rule is to be sanctified:
 To domineer, and to control
 Both o'er the body and the soul,
 Is the most perfect discipline
 Of church-rule, and by right divine.
 Bel and the Dragon's chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far:
 For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
 To get their wives and children meat,†
 But these will not be fobbed off so,
 They must have wealth and power too;
 Or else with blood and desolation,
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
 Sure these themselves from primitive
 And heathen priesthood do derive,
 When butchers were the only clerks,
 Elders and presbyters of kirks;‡
 Whose directory was to kill;
 And some believe it is so still.§
 The only difference is, that then
 They slaughtered only beasts, now men

* A sneer at the Presbyterian doctrine that they alone who possessed grace were entitled to power, from which the inference is drawn that they who achieve power must be visited with grace. In the same way, pride and piety, sanctification and despotism, are sarcastically associated by the Independent squire. These men, says Lilly, were more lordly than bishops, and usually in their parishes more tyrannical than the Great Turk.

† The priests, their wives, and children feasted upon the provisions offered to the idol, and pretended that he had devoured them—See *Apocrypha*—N. The great gorbellied idol, called the Assembly of Divines, is not ashamed in this time of State necessity, to guzzle down, and devour daily more at an ordinary meal, than would make a feast for Bel and the Dragon; for besides their fat benefices forsooth, they must have their four shillings a day for sitting in *constollation*—*Arraignment of Persecution*.

‡ In the heathen sacrifices the animals were killed by the priests.

§ A banter on the Directory, or form of service drawn up by the Presbyterians, and substituted for the Common Prayer—N.

For then to sacrifice a bullock,
 Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,
 They count a vile abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole nation.
 Presbytery does but translate
 The papacy to a free state,
 A common-wealth of popery,
 Where every village is a see
 As well as Rome, and must maintain
 A tithe-pig metropolitan,
 Where every presbyter and deacon
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,*
 And every hamlet's governèd
 By's holiness, the church's head,
 More haughty and severe in's place,
 Than Gregory and Boniface †
 Such church must, surely, be a monster
 With many heads for if we conster
 What in th' Apocalypse we find,
 According to th' Apostle's mind,
 'Tis that the Whore of Babylon
 With many heads did ride upon;
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe
 Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe
 Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi, ‡
 Whose little finger is as heavy
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
 And bishop-secular § This zealot
 Is of a mongrel, diverse kind,
 Cleric before, and lay behind;

* Dr Grey relates an anecdote illustrative of the social and domestic influence, or, more properly, authority, exercised by dissenting preachers. Daniel Burgess, dining one day with a gentlewoman of his congregation, and seeing a large uncut Cheshire cheese brought upon the table, asked where he should cut it, and being desired by his hostess to cut it where he pleased, ordered his servant to carry it to his own house, saying he would cut it at home.

† Gregory VII elected Pope in 1073—Boniface in 1294

‡ Genesis xlix 5

§ Such as the Prince-Bishop of Liege

A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,*
 Half of one order, half another;
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 On land a beast, a fish in water,
 That always preys on grace, or sin;
 A sheep without, a wolf within
 This fierce inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over men's belief
 And manners, can pronounce a saint
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he sifts,
 Through coarsest bolter,† others' gifts.
 For all men live and judge amiss,
 Whose talents jump not just with his.
 He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle light and grace,
 The manufacture of the kirk,
 Whose pastors are but th' handiwork
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling.
 From whence they start up chosen vessels,
 Made by contact, as men get measles
 So cardinals, they say, do grope
 At th' other end the new-made pope '†
 'Hold, hold,' quoth Hudibras, 'soft fire,
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good squire,
Festina lente, not too fast,
 For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon mistake:

* Sir Roger L'Estrange says this character was intended for one Andrew Crawford, a Scotch preacher, another writer says it was William Dunning, a turbulent Scotch Presbyterian. Linsey-woolsey, a stuff made of linen and wool, is called lawless because garments made of that mixture were prohibited by the Levitical law.

† A machine used for separating bran from flour, or the coarser part of meal from the finer.

‡ Alluding to the story of Pope Joan, or John VIII.

And I shall bring you, with your pack
 Of fallacies, t' elenchⁱ* back,
 And put your arguments in mood
 And figure to be understood.
 I'll force you by right ratiocination
 To leave your vitilitigation,†
 And make you keep to th' question close,
 And argue *chalecticōs* ‡
 The question then, to state it first,
 Is, which is better or which worst,
 Synods or bears? bears I avow
 To be the worst, and synods thou.
 But to make good th' assertion,
 Thou say'st th' are really all one
 If so, not worst, for if they're *idem*,
 Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*
 For if they are the same, by course
 Neither is better, neither worse.
 But I deny they are the same,
 More than a maggot and I am.
 That both are *animalia*
 I grant, but not *rationalia*.
 For though they do agree in kind,
 Specific difference we find.
 And can no more make bears of these,
 Than prove my horse is Socrates.§
 That synods are bear-gardens too,
 Thou dost affirm; but I say, No:
 And thus I prove it, in a word,
 Whats'ever assembly's not empowered
 To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
 Can be no synod; but bear-garden
 Has no such power, *ergo* 'tis none;
 And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.

* Sophisms, fallacious arguments which deceive under an appearance of truth

† The love of cavils—litigious argumentation

‡ That is, logically § That is, than prove my horse is a man

But yet we are beside the question
 Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
 For that was, whether bears are better
 Than synod-men? I say *Negatur*
 That bears are beasts, and synods men,
 Is held by all they're better then,
 For bears and dogs on four legs go,
 As beasts, but synod-men on two.
 'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;
 But prove that synod-men have tails,
 Or that a rugged shaggy fur
 Grows o'er the hide of presbyter;
 Or that his snout and spacious ears
 Do hold proportion with a bear's.
 A bear's a savage beast, of all
 Most ugly and unnatural,
 Whelped without form, until the dam
 Has licked it into shape and frame
 But all thy light can ne'er evict,
 That ever synod-man was licked,
 Or brought to any other fashion
 Than his own will and inclination.
 But thou dost further yet in this
 Oppugn thyself and sense, that is,
 Thou wouldst have presbyters to go
 For bears and dogs, and bear-wards too:
 A strange chimæra* of beasts and men,
 Made up of pieces het'rogene,
 Such as in Nature never met,
In eodem subjecto yet.
 Thy other arguments are all
 Supposures hypothetical,
 That do but beg, and we may choose
 Either to grant them, or refuse
 Much thou hast said, which I know when,
 And where thou stol'st from other men,

* Homer, *Iliad* vi, Ovid, *Metam.* ix, Hesiod, *Theog.* 319.

Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
 Are all but plagiary shifts,
 And is the same that Ranter* said
 Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
 And tore a handful of my beard,
 The self-same cavils then I heard,
 When b'ing in hot dispute about
 This controversy, we fell out,
 And what thou know'st I answered then
 Will serve to answer thee again'

Quoth Ralpho, 'Nothing but th' abuse
 Of human learning you produce,
 Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
 Profane,† erroneous, and vain,‡
 A trade of knowledge as replete,
 As others are with fraud and cheat,

* 'The Ranters,' says Alexander Ross, 'held that God, Devil, Angels, Heaven and Hell, &c, were fictions and fables, that Moses, John Baptist, and Christ, were impostors,' &c In his *Characters*, Butler describes a Ranter as 'a monster produced by the madness of this latter age, but if it had been his fate to have been whelped in old Rome he had passed for a prodigy, and been received among raining of stones, and the speaking of bulls, and would have put a stop to all public affairs, until he had been expiated Nero clothed Christians in the skins of wild beasts, but he wraps wild beasts in the skins of Christians' Whitelocke says that the soldiers in the parliament army were frequently punished for being ranters

† 'Twas the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, &c, that governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the rebellion, that learning had always been an enemy to the gospel, and that it were a happy thing if there were no Universities, and that all books were burned except the Bible.—*Mercurius Rusticus*

‡ 'Human learning' was, of course, considered vain and impious by those sects that held inspiration to be the only source of truth In a MS of Butler's, quoted by Dr Nash, the following reflections occur with a direct application to this subject 'The modern doctrine of the court, that men's natural parts are rather impaired than improved by study and learning, is ridiculously false, and the design of it as plain as its ignorant nonsense—no more than what the levellers and quakers found out before them, that is, to bring down all other men, whom they have no possibility of coming near any other way, to an equality with themselves, that no man may be thought to receive any advantage by that, which they, with all their confidence, dare not pretend to'

An art t'incumber gifts and wit,
 And render both for nothing fit;
 Makes light unactive, dull and troubled,
 Like little David in Saul's doublet. ^
 A cheat that scholars put upon
 Other men's reason and their own,
 A sort of error, to ensconce
 Absurdity and ignorance,
 That renders all the avenues
 To truth impervious, and abstruse,
 By making plain things, in debate,
 By art perplexed, and intricate,
 For nothing goes for sense or light,
 That will not with old rules jump right;
 As if rules were not in the schools
 Derived from truth, but truth from rules.†
 This pagan, heathenish invention
 Is good for nothing but contention
 For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
 All blows do on the target light,
 So when men argue, the great'st part
 O' the contest falls on terms of art,‡

* 1 Samuel xvii 38.

† This observation is just, the logicians have run into strange absurdities of this kind Peter Ramus, the best of them, in his *Logica*, rejects a very just argument of Cicero's as sophistical, because it did not jump right with his rules —WARBURTON

‡ Amongst the *Remains* published by Mr Thyer, there is a passage in which the thought expressed in these lines is amplified, and followed out to its conclusion It is one of several fragments upon the vanities of pedantry, and the mere jargon of scholarship, which Butler left unfinished, and which he probably intended ultimately to throw into a connected form Some of them seem to be either germs of ideas afterwards exhausted in a different shape in *Hudibras*, or, as apparently in this instance, ideas elaborated from hints suggested in the progress of the poem

As old knights-errant in their harness fought
 As safe as in a castle, or redoubt,
 Gave one another desperate attacks,
 To storm the counterscarps upon their backs,
 So disputants advance, and post their arms,
 To storm the works of one another's terms,

Until the fustian stuff be spent,
 And then they fall to th' argument '
 Quoth Hudibras, 'Friend Ralph, thou hast
 Out-run the constable at last:
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
 But to the former opposite,
 And contrary as black to white,
 Mere *disparata*,* that concerning
 Presbytery, this human learning,
 Two things s' averse, they never yet,
 But in thy rambling fancy, met
 But I shall take a fit occasion
 T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
 Some other time, in place more proper
 Than this we're in; therefore let's stop here,
 And rest our wearied bones a while,
 Already tired with other toil.'†

Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
 But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—
 So some polemics use to draw their swords
 Against the language only, and the words
 As he who fought at barners with Salmasius,
 Engaged with nothing but his stile and phrases,
 Waved to assert the murder of a prince,
 The author of false Latin to convince,
 But laid the merits of the cause aside,
 By them that understood them to be tried,
 And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
 More capital, than to behead a king
 For which h'has been admired by all the learned,
 Of knaves concerned, and pedants unconcerned

The 'disputant' assailed in these lines is Milton, in reference to his controversy with Salmasius

* Things separate and totally dissimilar

† The Knight evidently feels that he has got the worst of the argument, and is glad of an excuse to postpone the dispute Dryden has followed the example closely in the discussion between the two churches —

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
 Nor would the Panther blame it, or commend;
 But with affected yawnings at the close,
 Seemed to require her natural repose

Hind and Panther.

PART II.—CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight, being clapped by th' heels in prison,
The last unhappy expedition,*
Love brings his action on the case,†
And lays it upon Hudibras
How he receives the lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers, yet on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole

BUT now, t' observe romantique method,‡
Let rusty steel a while be sheathèd,
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinados, cuts, and wounds,
Exchanged to love's more gentle style,§
To let our reader breathe a while
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of preface.
Is't not enough to make one strange,||
That some men's fancies should ne'er change,
But make all people do and say
The same things still the self-same way?

* Originally this couplet stood—

The Knight, by damnable magician,
Being cast illegally in prison, &c

† An example of Butler's familiarity with the terms and practice of law. An action on the case is an action for damages, brought for an offence done without force, and not specially provided against by law.

‡ To the opening of this Part, Butler attaches the following note: 'The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book of his *Æneids* in the very same manner, *At regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law, by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.'

§ Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures

Richard III l. 1.

|| That is, to make one wonder.

Some writers make all ladies purloined,
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind.
 Others make all their knights, in fits
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits,
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
 They're forthwith cured of their caprices.*
 Some always thrive in their amours,
 By pulling plaisters off their sores,
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just do so they, and win their dames
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography, to change their site,†
 Make former times shake hands with latter,
 And that which was before, come after,
 But those that write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake,
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think's sufficient at one time

But we forget in what sad plight
 We whilom left the captived knight
 And pensive squire, both bruised in body,
 And conjured into safe custody.
 Tired with dispute, and speaking Latin,
 As well as basting and bear-baiting,

* It was a common superstition that by drawing the blood of a witch, you deprived her of her power of sorcery Glanvil gives an instance in his account of the demon of Tedworth, who had bewitched a boy 'The boy drew towards Jane Brooks, the woman who had bewitched him, who was behind her two sisters, and put his hand upon her, which his father perceiving, immediately scratched her face, and drew blood from her The youth then cried out that he was well' Thus, also, Shakspeare —

—— I'll have a bout with thee,
 Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee
 Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch

Henry VI, Part I., 1. 5

† The dramatic poets who had set aside the unities are bantered in this passage A similar charge is brought against the Spanish dramatists in *Don Quixote*, where the Canon speaks of having seen a play 'in which the first act begins in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third ending in Africa, probably,' he adds, 'if there had been another act, they had carried it into America'

And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt* fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend,
In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess

There is a tall long-sided dame,—
But wondrous light, yclepèd Fame,
That like a thin chameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words,†
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lined through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist:
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies,
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions,
Diurnals‡ writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom,§

* I'll not be made a prey unto the marshall,
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt of you both

BEN JONSON — *Alchemist*, 1. 1

Dr Nares considers dog-bolt a term of contempt or reproach. Dr Johnson conjectures that it may mean the coarser part of meal or flour, which, when sifted or bolted, is thrown to the dogs. Butler evidently uses it in the former sense.

† The beauty of this consists in the double meaning, the first alludes to Fame's living on report, the second is an insinuation, that if a report is narrowly inquired into, and traced up to the original author, it is made to contradict itself — WARBURTON. The simile terminates here, the rest of the description having no application to the chameleon, which is of the lizard genus, and incapable of flying.

‡ Diurnals and Mercuries, the newspapers of the two parties.

§ In Lupton's *Too Good to be True*, 1580, the following allusion occurs to the old custom of 'lying for the whetstone' — *Omen*. And what shall he gain that gets the victory in lying? — *Singula*. He shall

About her neck a packet-mail,
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
 Of men that walked when they were dead,
 And cows of monsters brought to bed:
 Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs,
 And puppies whelped with twice two legs,*
 A blazing-star seen in the west,
 By six or seven men at least.
 Two trumpets she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contràry tones,
 But whether both with the same wind,
 Or one before, and one behind,
 We know not, only this can tell,
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well;
 And therefore vulgar authors name
 Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well,
 What mischief Hudibras befel;
 And straight the spiteful tidings bears
 Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears.
 Democritus ne'er laughed so loud,
 To see bawds carted through the crowd,
 Or funerals with stately pomp,
 March slowly on in solemn dump,

have a silver whetstone for his labours — *Omen* Surely if one be worthy to have a whetstone of silver for telling of lies, then one is worthy to have a whetstone of gold for telling of truth, truly methinks a whip of whitleather were more meet for a liar than a whetstone of silver — *Singula* In my judgment he was either a notable liar, or loved lying better than St Paul did, that devised such a reward for such an evil desert I marvel what moved him, that the lewdest liar should have a silver whetstone for his labour — *Omen* I know not, unless he thought he was worthy for his lying to go always with a blunt knife, whereby he should not be able to cut his meat, and that he should have no other whetstone wherewith to sharp his knife, but the same of silver which he had won with lying — *Singula* What his fond fancy was therein I know not, but I wish that every such liar had rather a sharp knife, and no meat, than to have meat enough with a blunt-edged knife, until they left their lying'

* As there is nothing wonderful in puppies with twice two legs, perhaps we should read twice four.

As she laughed out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vowed she would go see the fight,
And visit the distressed knight,
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip* at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks,
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
Thus being resolved, she called for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went
To find the knight, in limbo pent.
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and his stout squire, in the pound,
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together:
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands applied
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflamed all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place,

* A corruption of *gossib*, from *God sib*, that is, *sib*, or related, by means of religion — NARES. It properly signifies a sponsor in baptism

Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink, and goggle like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him.

‘This place,’ quoth she, ‘they say’s enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted;
That here are tied in chains, and scourged,
Until their guilty crimes be purged
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere:
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes, and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum.*
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before ’twas conjured and enchanted,
For though it be disfigured somewhat,
As if ’t had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy knight,
Howe’er this goblin is come by’t’

When Hudibras the Lady heard,
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour,
Both of the beard and the beard’s owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he could,
And thus he spoke: ‘Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right,
The beard’s th’ identique beard you knew,
The same numerically true;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.’

‘O heavens!’ quoth she, ‘can that be true?
I do begin to fear ’tis you,

* The narrative of the house haunted by an invisible drummer is related by Glanvil in his book on witchcraft

Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast
In notions vulgarly expressed.
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, 'The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.'*

Quoth she, 'Those need not be ashamed
For being honourably maimed ;
If he that is in battle conquered,
Have any title to his own beard,
Though yours be sorely lugged and torn,
It does your visage more adorn
Than if 'twere pruned, and starched, and landered,
And cut square by the Russian standard †
A torn beard's like a tattered ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat about your shoulders,
Does not so well become a soldier's ,
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Although I' th' rear, your beard the van led ;
And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ache,
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'This thing called pain,
Is, as the learned stoics maintain,
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.

* It is necessary, to a full appreciation of the humour of this dialogue, to remember the immense importance attached to beards at the period

† Before the time of Peter the Great beards were cultivated with great care and luxuriance in Russia. It was only by adopting the most stringent measures that the Czar succeeded in abolishing them.

Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross *phænoménas*
In which it oft mistakes the case
But since th' immortal intellect,
That's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same,
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure,
And just so far are sore and grieved,
As by the fancy is believed.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And died of mere opinion straight,*
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
A Saxon Duke did grow so fat,
That mice, as histories relate,
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling.†
Then how is't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?

Quoth she, 'I grant it is in vain,
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the cure,
Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage
With pain no medicine can assuage.'

Quoth he, 'That honour's very squeamish,
That takes a basting for a blemish.
For what's more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow;
Some kicked, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather,
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning
The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruised with wood, or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons,
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckoned.
Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our princes worship, with a blow.*
King Pyrrhus cured his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick †
The Negus, ‡ when some mighty lord
Or potentate's to be restored,
And pardoned for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly,
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting

* Alluding to the custom of laying a rod on the head of the slave when he was manumitted

† King Pyrrhus, of Epirus, who was said to possess the power of curing the spleen by the pressure of his right foot.

‡ Negus, King of Abyssinia

The beaten soldier proves most manful,
 That, like his sword, endures the anvil,
 And justly's held more formidable,
 The more his valour's malleable.
 But he that fears a bastinado,
 Will run away from his own shadow:
 And though I'm now in durance fast,
 By our own party basely cast,
 Ransom, exchange, parole, refused,
 And worse than by the en'my used,
 In close *catasta** shut, past hope
 Of wit or valour to elope,
 As beads, the nearer that they tend
 To th' earth, still grow more reverend,
 And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
 The lower we let down their breeches;
 I'll make this low dejected fate
 Advance me to a greater height'

Quoth she, 'You 'ave almost made m' in love
 With that which did my pity move.
 Great wits and valours, like great states,
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights.
 Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
 Like east and west, become the same.
 No Indian Prince has to his palace
 More followers than a thief to the gallows.
 But if a beating seem so brave,
 What glories must a whipping have?
 Such great achievements cannot fail
 To cast salt on a woman's tail:
 For if I thought your natural talent
 Of passive courage were so gallant,
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow amorous and dote'

When Hudibras this language heard,
 He pricked up's ears, and stroked his beard;

* The cage, or prison, in which the Romans kept the slaves intended for sale.

Thought he, this is the lucky hour,
 Wines work when vines are in the flower :*
 This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
 And put her boldly to the question.

'Madam, what you would seem to doubt
 Shall be to all the world made out,
 How I've been drubbed, and with what spirit,
 And magnanimity, I bear it;
 And if you doubt it to be true,
 I'll stake myself down against you,
 And if I fail in love or troth,
 Be you the winner, and take both'

Quoth she, 'I've heard old cunning stagers
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers.
 And though I praised your valour, yet
 I did not mean to baulk your wit,
 Which, if you have, you must needs know
 What I have told you before now,
 And you b' experiment have proved,
 I cannot love where I'm beloved'

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich†
 Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
 So cheats to play with those still aim,
 That do not understand the game.
 Love in your heart as idly burns,
 As fire in antique Roman urns,
 To warm the dead, and vainly light
 Those only that see nothing by't
 Have you not power to entertain,
 And render love for love again?
 As no man can draw in his breath
 At once, and force out air beneath.

* All liquors are observed to ferment best when the plants they are distilled from are in full flower. Vegetable juices for taking out stains are said to be under the same influence. The wine-merchants remark everywhere, says Sir Kenelm Digby, that during the season that vines are in the flower, the wine in the cellar makes a fermentation.

† Whim.

Or do you love yourself so much,
 To bear all rivals else a grutch?
 What fate can lay a greater curse
 Than you upon yourself would force;
 For wedlock without love, some say,
 Is but a lock without a key.
 It is a kind of rape to marry
 One that neglects, or cares not for ye
 For what does make it ravishment
 But being against the mind's consent?
 A rape, that is the more inhuman,
 For being acted by a woman
 Why are you fair, but to entice us
 To love you, that you may despise us?
 But though you cannot love, you say,
 Out of your own fanatic* way,
 Why should you not, at least, allow
 Those that love you, to do so too?
 For, as you fly me, and pursue
 Love more averse, so I do you;
 And am, by your own doctrine, taught
 To practise what you call a fault.'

Quoth she, 'If what you say be true,
 You must fly me, as I do you,
 But 'tis not what we do, but say,
 In love, and preaching, that must sway.'

Quoth he, 'To bid me not to love,
 Is to forbid my pulse to move,
 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
 Or, when I'm in a fit, to hiccup.
 Command me to piss out the moon,
 And 't will as easily be done
 Love's power's too great to be withstood
 By feeble human flesh and blood

* Dr. Grey proposes to read *fantastic*, as agreeing better with what the lady says afterwards—

Yet 'tis no *fantastic pique*, &c.

'Twas he that brought upon his knees
 The hectoring kill-cow Hercules;
 Reduced his leaguer-lion's skin*
 T' a petticoat, and made him spin;
 Seized on his club, and made it dwindle
 T' a feeble distaff, and a spindle
 'Twas he made emperors gallants
 To their own sisters, and their aunts;
 Set popes and cardinals agog,
 To play with pages at leap-frog.
 'Twas he that gave our senate purges,
 And fluxed the house of many a burgess,†
 Made those that represent the nation
 Submit, and suffer amputation,
 And all the grandees o' th' cabal
 Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall
 He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em
 To Dirty-Lane‡ and Little Sodom;
 Made 'em curvet, like Spanish Jenets,
 And take the ring at madam —,§
 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
 More than the devil could tempt him to.
 In cold and frosty weather grow
 Enamoured of a wife of snow,||
 And, though she were of rigid temper,
 With melting flames accost and tempt her;
 Which, after in enjoyment quenching,
 He hung a garland on his engine.'

* A leaguer coat is a sort of watch cloak, or coat used by soldiers when they are at a siege, or upon duty —N

† Alluding to Cromwell turning the members out of the house

‡ Abingdon-street, Westminster, was originally called Dirty-lane. At a later date there was a lane of that name near Leicester-fields

§ Sir Roger L'Estrange fills up the blank with the name of Stennet

|| The legend of St Francis, the founder of the order of Franciscans, relates that being tempted one night by the devil in the form of a beautiful woman, he rushed out naked into a heap of snow, which extraordinary evidence of his self-control so discomfited the devil that he immediately took his departure

Quoth she, 'If love have these effects,
 Why is it not forbid our sex?
 Why is't not damned, and interdicted,
 For diabolical and wicked?
 And sung, as out of tune, against,
 As Turk and Pope are by the saints?
 I find, I've greater reason for it,
 Than I believed before t' abhor it'

Quoth Hudibras, 'These sad effects,
 Spring from your heathenish neglects
 Of love's great power, which he returns
 Upon yourselves with equal scorns;
 And those who worthy lovers slight,
 Plagues with preposterous appetite
 This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
 To take a town-bull for her sweet,*
 And from her greatness stoop so low,
 To be the rival of a cow;
 Others, to prostitute their great hearts,
 To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts,
 Some with the dev'l himself in league grow,
 By's representative a negro
 'Twas this made vestal maids love-sick,
 And venture to be buried quick,†
 Some by their fathers and their brothers,
 To be made mistresses, and mothers
 'Tis this that proudest dames enamours
 On lackeys, and *varlets-des-chambres*,‡
 Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
 And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms,

* Pasiphae, who fell in love with Taurus, a servant of Minos, her husband.

† The Vestal virgins who broke their vow of chastity were burned alive in a place specially set apart for the purpose outside the city walls.

‡ *Varlet* is the old French. A varlet was servant to a knight. It had scarcely come into use in Butler's time in its modern signification of rogue or scoundrel.

To slight the world, and to disparage*
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage.'

Quoth she, 'These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love'

Says he, 'There is as weighty reason
For secrecy in love, as treason
Love is a burglarer, a felon
That at the windore-eye does steal in,
To rob the heart, and with his prey,
Steals out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure, as he deserves, to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as naturally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chemists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals,†
So lovers should their passions choke,
That though they burn, they may not smoke
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole,
And dragged beasts backwards into's hole,‡
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you entrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary, Albertus'§

* That is, to be indifferent to the evils that ensue from following illicit desires

† Charcoal colliers, in order to keep their wood from blazing when it is in the pit, cover it carefully with turf and mould—N.

‡ Cacus, the robber, who, after having stolen cattle, adopted the device of drawing them into his den by their tails, for the purpose of baffling pursuit upon their track, which was thus made apparently to take a contrary direction—*Æneid* viii.

§ Albertus Magnus, Bishop of Ratisbon, flourished in the thirteenth century, and wrote a book entitled *De Secretis Mulierum*—hence he is here called the sex's secretary

Quoth she, 'I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologique sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to.'

Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way,
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home

'I grant,' quoth he, 'wealth is a great
Provocative to amorous heat
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out.
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore.
'Tis that by which the sun and moon,
At their own weapons, are out-done.
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call
For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own,
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land
I'd have a wife at second hand,
And such you are: nor is't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis your better part, your riches,
That my enamoured heart bewitches:

Let me your fortune but possess,
 And settle your person how you please,
 Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,
 You'll find me reasonable and civil'

Quoth she, 'I like this plainness better
 Than false-mock passion, speech, or letter,
 Or any feat of qualm or swooning,
 But hanging of yourself, or drowning;
 Your only way with me to break
 Your mind, is breaking of your neck.
 For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
 Like nine-pins, they strike others down,
 So that would break my heart, which done,
 My tempting fortune is your own.
 These are but trifles, every lover
 Will damn himself over and over,
 And greater matters undertake
 For a less worthy mistress' sake
 Yet they're the only ways to prove
 Th' unfeigned realities of love,
 For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
 The devil's in him if he feigns'

Quoth Hudibras, 'This way's too rough
 For mere experiment and proof,
 It is no jesting, trivial matter,
 To swing i' th' air, or dounce* in water,
 And, like a water-witch, try love,†
 That's to destroy, and not to prove,

* In some editions, plunge—in others, dive.

† One of the modes of ascertaining whether a woman was a witch was by throwing her into the water. If she floated, she was adjudged guilty, not because she was supposed to save herself by her arts, but because the water, conscious of her iniquity, would not admit her below the surface, so that if she escaped drowning she was sure to be burned. 'It appears,' says King James, in his *Dæmonology*, 'that God hath appointed for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches, that the water shall refuse them in her bosom that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof'

As if a man should be dissected,
 To find what part is disaffected:
 Your better way is to make over,
 In trust, your fortune to your lover *
 Trust is a trial, if it break,
 'Tis not so desperate as a neck.
 Beside, th' experiment's more certain,
 Men venture necks to gain a fortune.
 The soldier does it every day,
 Eight to the week, for sixpence pay,†
 Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
 To share with knaves, in cheating fools,
 And merchants, venturing through the main,
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain:
 This is the way I advise you to,
 Trust me, and see what I will do.'

Quoth she, 'I should be loth to run
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none,
 Which must be done, unless some deed
 Of yours aforesaid do precede
 Give but yourself one gentle swing,
 For trial, and I'll cut the string,
 Or give that reverend head a maul,
 Or two, or three, against a wall,
 To shew you are a man of mettle,
 And I'll engage myself to settle'

Quoth he, 'My head's not made of brass,
 As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
 Nor, like the Indian's skull, so tough,
 That, authors say, 'twas musket proof,

* The highwayman's advice to a gentleman on the road—'Sir, be pleased to leave your watch, your money, and rings with me, or by — you will be robbed'—G

† Warburton explains the passage in this way —If a soldier received sixpence a day, he would receive seven sixpences for seven days, or one week's pay, but if sixpence per week of this money be kept back for shoes, stockings, &c, then the soldier must serve one day more—viz, eight to the week, before he will receive seven sixpences, or one week's pay clear.

As it had need to be to enter,
As yet, on any new adventure ;
You see what bangs it has endured,
That would, before new feats, be cured :
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here strike me luck,* it shall be done.'

Quoth she, ' The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose, two words t' a bargain ;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof,
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike ;
'Tis no implicit,† nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person ,
But a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love ,
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you '

Quoth he, ' My faith as adamant
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain ,
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak ,
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigsney,‡
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love, or you, shake off my heart ;
The sun that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence ,
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,
With true-love-knots, and flourishes ,
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing ,

* A vulgar phrase used in striking a bargain, and giving earnest upon it † Resting on the report of others.

‡ Properly, a diminutive of pig, a term of endearment used generally in burlesque

Drink every letter on't in stum,*
 And make it brisk champagne become;
 Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
 The primrose and the violet,
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
 Nature her charter shall renew,
 And take all lives of things from you;
 The world depend upon your eye,
 And when you frown upon it, die.
 Only our loves shall still survive,
 New worlds and natures to outlive;
 And, like to herald's moons, remain
 All crescents, without change or wane'
 'Hold, hold,' quoth she, 'no more of this,
 Sir knight, you take your aim amiss,
 For you will find it a hard chapter,
 To catch me with poetic rapture,
 In which your mastery of art
 Doth shew itself, and not your heart;
 Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
 By dint of high heroic fustian.
 She that with poetry is won,
 Is but a desk to write upon,
 And what men say of her, they mean
 No more than on the thing they lean
 Some with Arabian spices strive
 T' embalm her cruelly alive,

* Unfermented liquor The meaning of the passage is that the worst and muddiest wine would be made brisk and delectable by drinking her health in it It was a custom amongst the ancients to drink the health of a mistress by draining a cup to every letter of her name —

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,
 Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus, &c

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Thus rendered by Elphinston —

Justina seven bumpers, sly Pholoe have six,
 Five Nevra, four Lyde, sweet Ida but three
 Falernians by number the fair one shall fix,
 And since no one comes, come thou Somnus to me

Or season her, as French cooks use
 Their *haut-gouts*, *bouillons*, or *ragouts*,
 Use her so barbarously ill,
 To grind her lips upon a mill,
 Until the *facet doublet** doth
 Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth;
 Her mouth compared t' an oyster's, with
 A row of pearl in't, 'stead of teeth,
 Others make posies of her cheeks,
 Where red and whitest colours mix,
 In which the lily and the rose,
 For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
 The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,
 Eclipsed and darkened in the skies,
 Are but black patches, that she wears,
 Cut into suns, and moons, and stars,†
 By which astrologers, as well
 As those in heaven above, can tell
 What strange events they do foreshow,
 Unto her under-world below.
 Her voice, the music of the spheres,
 So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
 As wise philosophers have thought,
 And that's the cause we hear it not,‡

* *Facet*, literally, a small surface, generally applied to the surfaces, or faces, cut on a diamond. The term *doublet* is applied by lapidaries to false stones, consisting of a colour placed between two pieces of crystal, which, being transparent, have the appearance of being coloured throughout. *Facet doublet*, therefore, signifies a false stone cut in faces like a diamond.

† The curious custom of clipping the patches, almost universally worn by ladies, into different fantastical shapes is alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher —

— your black patches you wear variously,
 Some cut like stars, some in half moons, some lozenges

Elder Brother, III. 2.

‡ Pythagoras was the first, says Mr Fenton, who advanced this doctrine of the music of the spheres, which he probably grounded on that text in Job, understood literally—'When the morning stars sang together,' &c, xxxviii. 7. Pythagoras asserted that the motions of the planets made a most sweet melody, but that it was inaudible to us

This has been done by some, who those
 Th' adored in rhyme, would kill in prose,
 And in those ribbons would have hung,
 Of which melodiously they sung;
 That have the hard fate to write best,
 Of those still that deserve it least,*
 It matters not, how false or forced,
 So the best things be said o' th' worst,
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
 Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
 Whether it be a swan or goose
 They level at; so shepherds use
 To set the same mark on the hip
 Both of their sound and rotten sheep.
 For wits that carry low or wide,
 Must be aimed higher, or beside
 The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
 But when they take their aim awry.
 But I do wonder you should chuse
 This way t' attack me with your muse,
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
 With fulhams† of poetic fiction.
 I rather hoped I should no more
 Hear from you o' th' gallanting score:
 For hard dry-bastings used to prove
 The readiest remedies of love,
 Next a dry-diet; but if those fail,
 Yet this uneasy loop-holed jail,

because of the greatness of the noise, which the narrowness of the passage of the human ears was not capable of receiving

* Warburton is of opinion that this refers to Waller's poems on Sacharissa Dr Grey supposes it may also refer to Waller's Panegyric on Cromwell, which Charles justly considered superior to the poem written on himself 'We poets,' was the memorable reply of Waller, 'never succeed so well in fact as in fiction'

† A cant term for false dice There were high and low fulhams, so called from being loaded to throw high or low numbers They are supposed to have derived the name of Fulham from the place where they were originally made The term is again introduced by Butler in his *Satire on Gaming*, and is frequently used in the old comedies

In which ye're hampered by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock,
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog.
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That, for a bruised or broken pate,
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the married brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From venturing on that dragon, marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance,
Level at beauty and at wit,
The fairest mark is easiest hit.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'I am beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation, meet?'

Quoth she, 'What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality?'

I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts:
A grace which, if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive'

'That conscience,' quoth Hudibras,
'Is misinformed; I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be alienated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.'

Quoth she, 'I grant the case is true,
 And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
 But whether I may take, as well
 As you may give away, or sell?
 Buyers, you know, are bid beware,
 And worse than thieves receivers are
 How shall I answer hue and cry,
 For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,*
 All spurred and switched, a lock on's hoof,
 A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
 Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
 And in the open market tolled for?†
 Or, should I take you for a stray,‡
 You must be kept a year and day,
 Ere I can own you, here i' th' pound,
 Where, if ye're sought, you may be found,
 And in the mean time I must pay
 For all your provender and hay.'

Quoth he, 'It stands me much upon
 T' enervate this objection,
 And prove myself, by topic clear,
 No gelding, as you would infer.
 Loss of virility's averred
 To be the cause of loss of beard,
 That does, like embryo in the womb,
 Abortive on the chin become.
 This first a woman did invent,
 In envy of man's ornament,
 Semiramis of Babylon,
 Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,§

* From which it is to be inferred Hudibras was not more than four feet high

† Horses were tolled in fairs with a view to prevent the sale of any that might have been stolen, by giving publicity to the transaction

‡ Estrays, cattle that stray into other men's grounds. If not claimed within a year and day, they became the property of the lord of the livery

§ Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima — *Am. Marcel*, quoted by Butler

To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-geldering operation.

Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?

Next it appears, I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.'

Quoth she, 'That nothing will avail,
For some philosophers of late here,
Write men have four legs by nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two,
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt *
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and show
B' experiment 'tis so or no.'

Quoth he 'If you'll join issue on't,
I'll give you sat'sfact'ry account,
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse.'

'That never shall be done,' quoth she,
'To one that wants a tail, by me,
For tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament,
And, though the vulgar count them homely,
In men or beast they are so comely,
So *gentee*, *alamode*, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one;
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,

* The story is related by Sir Kenelm Digby in his *Treatise on Bodies*

I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
 Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
 The Prince of Cambay's daily food
 Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,*
 Which makes him have so strong a breath,
 Each night he stinks a queen to death,
 Yet I shall rather lie in's arms
 Than yours, on any other terms'

Quoth he, 'What nature can afford
 I shall produce, upon my word;
 And if she ever gave that boon
 To man, I'll prove that I have one:
 I mean by postulate illation,†
 When you shall offer just occasion,
 But since ye've yet denied to give
 My heart, your prisoner, a reprieve,
 But made it sink down to my heel,
 Let that at least your pity feel;
 And for the sufferings of your martyr,
 Give it's poor entertainer quarter,
 And by discharge, or mainprize, grant
 Delivery from this base restraint'‡

Quoth she, 'I grieve to see your leg
 Stuck in a hole here like a peg,
 And if I knew which way to do't,
 Your honour safe, I'd let you out.
 That dames by jail-delivery
 Of errant knights have been set free,

* Macamut, Sultan of Cambaya, who is said by Purchas to have lived upon poison, with which he was so completely saturated that his breath or touch carried death. His four thousand concubines died of his embraces

† By inference or necessary consequence

‡ A friend of Dr Grey's very naturally inquires why the knight should ask the widow to release him, when she was neither accessory to his imprisonment, nor had the power to set him free? He thinks the apparent incongruity may be solved by supposing that the usher who attended her was the constable of the place, and that her intercession would obtain his discharge.

When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it, too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oaths, and honour too,
For what are they renowned and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France,
And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs *
Which if I should consent unto,
It is not in my power to do,
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony,
Which always has been used t' untie
The charms of those who here do lie:
For as the ancients heretofore
To honour's temple had no door,
But that which thorough virtue's lay,
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honoured freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists,†
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance.

* That is, might endanger his spurs, of which, as the badge of his knighthood, he would be ignominiously deprived if any disgrace fell upon his honour

† That is, he cannot be released from confinement without undergoing the whipping inflicted on petty criminals in Bridewell.

Whipping, that's virtue's governess,
 Tutress of arts and sciences,
 That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
 And puts new life into dull matter,
 That lays foundation for renown,
 And all the honours of the gown
 This suffered, they are set at large,
 And freed with honourable discharge;
 Then, in their robes, the penitentials
 Are straight presented with credentials,
 And in their way attended on
 By magistrates of every town;
 And, all respect and charges paid,
 They're to their ancient seats conveyed *
 Now if you'll venture, for my sake,
 To try the toughness of your back,
 And suffer, as the rest have done,
 The laying of a whipping on,
 And may you prosper in your suit,
 As you with equal vigour do't,
 I here engage to be your bail,
 And free you from th' unknightly jail.†
 But since our sex's modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
 Bring me, on oath, a fair account,
 And honour too, when you have don't;
 And I'll admit you to the place
 You claim as due in my good grace.
 If matrimony and hanging go
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too!

* By the old statutes, when vagiants were whipped they were passed on to their settlements with certificates of the fact

† Originally this couplet stood thus —

I here engage myself to loose ye,
 And free your heels from caperdewsie

Butler probably altered this passage from a sense of the incongruity already alluded to — See *ante*, p 194, note ‡ Caperdewsie is an old term for the stocks.

What medicine else can cure the fits
 Of lovers, when they lose their wits?
 Love is a boy, by poets styled,
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child;
 A Persian emperor whipped his grannam
 The sea, his mother Venus came on,*
 And hence some reverend men approve
 Of rosemary in making love †
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs, ‡
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace, performed in time and mood,
 With comely movement, and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart?
 It is an easier way to make
 Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer whipping,
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon?
 Make wicked verses, traits, and faces,
 And spell names over, with beer-glasses? §
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?

* In Corum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis
 Barbarus — JUVENAL — *Sat* x

Xerxes whipped the sea and wind The sea is called the grannam, or grandmother, of Cupid, because it was the element of which his mother, Venus, was born

† Rosemary, *ros maris*, the dew of the sea—hence, by a poetical concert, supposed to be influential in making love from the relationship between Cupid and the sea Rosemary was formerly hung at the doors of houses as a charm against the plague and evil spirits It was likewise used in decking churches at Christmas, and not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings

‡ Lydian and Phrygian measures—the soft and the spirited, to which the alternate light and heavy strokes of the cooper are compared.

§ Such follies as these here described furnish many merry jokes in the comedies of the period. It is said of some of the French gallants that they drank off bits of ribbon belonging to their mistresses by way of celebrating the success of their amours. Traits are strokes of wit and fancy, and spelling names with beer-glasses refers to a custom already mentioned — See *ante*, p 188, note *

With China-oranges and tarts,
 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?
 Bribe chamber-maids with love and money,
 To break no roguish jests upon ye?
 For lilies limned on cheeks, and roses,
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses?
 Or, venturing to be brisk and wanton,
 Do penance in a paper lantern? *
 All this you may compound for now,
 By suffering what I offer you,
 Which is no more than has been done
 By knights for ladies long ago
 Did not the great La Mancha do so
 For the Infanta Del Toboso? †
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
 Himself a slave for Misse's sake? ‡
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
 Was tawed § as gentle as a glove?
 Was not young Florio sent, to cool
 His flame for Biancafio, to school,
 Where pedant made his pathic bum
 For her sake suffer martyrdom? ||
 Did not a certain lady whip,
 Of late, her husband's own lordship?
 And though a grandee of the house,
 Clawed him with fundamental blows,
 Tied him stark-naked to a bed-post,
 And firked his hide, as if she 'ad rid post, ¶

* Alluding to a method of cure resorted to in certain cases

† Don Quixote's penance on the mountain

‡ Ibrahim, the illustrious Bassa, in M Scudery's romance, who, in order to obtain ingress to the Sultan's seraglio, where his mistress was confined, disguised himself as a slave

§ The term used by leather-dressers for preparing skins and forming them into white leather

|| The allusion is to the story of Florio and Biancafio related in the *Filocolo* of Boccaccio

¶ The ladies sometimes carried their political zeal to the most extravagant lengths Lady Munson, who is here indicated, finding

And after in the sessions court,
 Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't?
 This swear you will perform, and then
 I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
 And the magician's circle, clear'
 Quoth he, 'I do profess and swear,
 And will perform what you enjoin,
 Or may I never see you mine'
 'Amen,' quoth she, then turned about,
 And bid her squire let him out.
 But ere an artist could be found
 T' undo the charms another bound,

that her husband had shown some want of vigour in support of the cause, which led to a suspicion that he was going over to the King's party, determined to bring him back to his principles by a process of coercion, and, with the help of her maids, tied him naked to a bed-post, and whipped him with rods till he pledged himself to behave better in future. For this act of salutary discipline she received thanks in open court. Similar proceedings are attributed to Lady Mildmay, Lady Waller, and Mrs May. The ladies on both sides took a very active part in the agitation of the Civil War, not merely by urging and sustaining the exertions of their husbands, but by forming associations of their own, in which they laid down plans, and got up subscriptions, for promoting the interests of their party.

In illustration of their activity, Dr Nash refers to a MS in the museum at Oxford, entitled *Diverse remarkable Orders of the Ladies, at the Spring-Garden, in Parliament assembled, together with certain votes of the unlawful assembly at Kate's, in Covent Garden, both sent abroad to prevent misinformation. Vesper Veneris Martii 25, 1647*. One of these curious orders runs as follows: 'That whereas, the Lady Norton, door-keeper of this house, complained of Sir Robert Harley, a member of the House of Commons, for attempting to deface her, which happened thus, the said lady being a zealous Independent, and fond of the saints, and Sir Robert Harley having found that she was likewise painted, he pretended that she came within his ordinance against idolatry, saints painted, crosses, &c, but some friends of the said door-keeper urging in her behalf, that none did ever yet attempt to adore her, or worship her, she was justified, and the house hereupon declared, that if any person, by virtue of any power whatsoever, pretended to be derived from the House of Commons, or any other court, shall go about to impeach, hinder, or disturb any lady from painting, worshipping, or adorning herself to the best advantage, as also from planting of hairs, or investing of teeth,' &c &c. Another order in this mock parliament was, that they send a messenger to enquire what is meant by the words 'due benevolence'.

The sun grew low, and left the skies,*
 Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes;
 The moon pulled off her veil of light,
 That hides her face by day from sight,
 Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
 That's both her lustre and her shade,†
 And in the night as freely shone,
 As if her rays had been her own.‡
 For darkness is the proper sphere
 Where all false glories use t' appear.
 The twinkling stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrowed lustre,
 While sleep the wearied world relieved,
 By counterfeiting death revived.
 His whipping penance, till the morn,
 Our votary thought it best t' adjourn,
 And not to carry on a work
 Of such importance in the dark,
 With erring haste, but rather stay,
 And do't in th' open face of day;
 And in the mean time go in quest
 Of next retreat to take his rest.

* From the very exquisite passage which opens with this line, it will be perceived that the action of the narrative to the conclusion of this canto—the first canto of the Second Part—occupies only a single day

† Extremely fine—the rays of the sun being the cause why we cannot see the moon by day, and why we can see it by night —WAR-BURTON

‡ In the first edition this couplet stood —

And in the lantern of the night, \ \
 With shining horns, hung out her light.

PART II.—CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight,
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle

'TIS strange how some men's tempers suit,
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them clawed and canvassed;
That keep their consciences in cases,*
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,
Ne'er to be used, but when they're bent
To play a fit† for argument,
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discussed;
Dispute and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,‡
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully ‡

* A pun on cases of conscience —N

† A division of a song, dance, or poem

‡ Van Helmont, an eminent naturalist, born in Brussels in 1588, and died in 1664. His son obtained equal celebrity by his learning and his paradoxes. Montaigne, born at Perigord 1533, died 1592, whose essays are no less remarkable for observation of life, than for singularity of opinion, is said to have been fantastically educated by his father, the mayor of Bourdeaux, who taught him Latin by conversation, and Greek as an amusement, and every morning awakened him from his sleep by strains of soft music. Thomas White, a zealous champion of the church of Rome, and the Aristotelian philosophy, flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century, and died in 1676. He wrote in defence of the peculiar notions of Sir Kenelm Digby, and is described as a 'kind of enterpriser in the search of truth,' sometimes 'wading too deep,' and sometimes losing himself 'by treading in unbeaten paths, and adhering too stiffly to dangerous singularities.' Dr Nash observes that, instead of Tully, some editions read *Lully*, which would probably apply to Raymond Lully, a Majorcan, born in the thirteenth century, and represented to have been dissolute in his youth, to have turned serious at forty, to have preached the Gospel to

So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,
 With fierce dispute maintained their church,
 Beat out their brains in fight and study,
 To prove that virtue is a body,
 That *bonum* is an animal,
 Made good with stout polemic brawl,
 In which some hundreds on the place
 Were slain outright, and many a face
 Retrenched of nose, and eyes, and beard,
 To maintain what their sect averred *
 All which the knight and squire, in wrath,
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith,
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the sequel shall be shown

The sun had long since, in the lap
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap,†
 And like a lobster boiled, the morn
 From black to red began to turn,‡

the Saracens in his old age, and to have suffered martyrdom in 1315. But as this character scarcely answers to the allusion in the text, and as Butler in his revised edition retains the name of Tully, the reference must be supposed to be to Cicero's *Stoicorum Paradoxa*, in which with considerable wit and ingenuity he advocates the doctrines of the Porch.

* The doctrine of the Stoics, that there was no incorporeal existence, and that all qualities, vices, passions, &c., were bodies, occasioned great brawls, which are again touched upon by Butler amongst his *Characters* — 'This had been an excellent course [the resolution of doubts and controversies by way of *horary questions*] for the old Roundhead Stoics to find whether *Bonum was corpus*, or *Virtue an animal*, about which they had so many fierce encounters in their *Stoa*, that about one thousand four hundred and forty lost their lives upon the place, and far many more their beards, and teeth, and noses' — *An Hermetic Philosopher*

† — Aut ubi pallida surget
 Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile
 VIRGIL — *Georg* 1
 Unde venit Titan, et Nox ubi sidera condit
 LUCAN — *Pharsal* 1

As far as Phœbus first doth rise,
 Until in Thetis' lap he lies — SIR ARTHUR GORGES

‡ Mr M Bacon says, this simile is taken from *Rabelais*, who calls the lobster cardinalized, from the red habit worn by the clergy of that rank — N

When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching
 'Twixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
 And from his couch prepared to rise,
 Resolving to despatch the deed
 He vowed to do with trusty speed:
 But first, with knocking loud and bawling,
 He roused the squire, in truckle lolling.
 And after many circumstances,
 Which vulgar authors in romances,
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,
 To make impertinent description,
 They got, with much ado, to horse,
 And to the castle bent their course,
 In which he to the dame before
 To suffer whipping-duty swore.*
 Where now arrived, and half unharnessed,
 To carry on the work in earnest,
 He stopped, and paused upon the sudden,
 And with a serious forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,†
 Which first he scratched, and after said ·
 'Whether it be direct infringing
 An oath, if I should wave this swinging,‡
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
 And so b' equivocation swear,§

* The early editions read—'whipping duly swore'

† The 'serious forehead' and the 'new scruple' are highly characteristic. It becomes a matter of grave consideration with the knight whether there were not grounds 'by equivocation' upon which he could justify to his conscience the violation of an oath to do a thing he did not like

‡ Whipping—from the Saxon *swingan*. —

I would have swung him —*Merry Wives of Windsor* v 5

I had swung him soundly —*Meas for Meas* v 1

And swings his own vices in his son —*DRYDEN*

§ 'They rest secure, absolving themselves from all guilt and fear of perjury, and think they have excellently provided for themselves, and consciences, if, during the act of swearing, they can make any shift to defend themselves, either as the Jesuits do, with some equivocation, or

Or whether 't be a lesser sin
 To be forsworn, than act the thing,
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,
 To inform my conscience, be discussed,
 In which to err a tittle may
 To errors infinite make way
 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy judgment, ere we further go'

Quoth Ralpho, 'Since you do enjoin't,
 I shall enlarge upon the point,
 And, for my own part, do not doubt
 Th' affirmative may be made out.
 But first, to state the case aright,
 For best advantage of our light,
 And thus 'tis Whether 't be a sin
 To claw and curry your own skin,
 Greater or less than to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn forswear
 But first, o' th' first. The inward man,
 And outward, like a clan and clan,
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing;
 Not that they really cuff or fence,
 But in a spiritual mystic sense,
 Which to mistake, and make them squabble
 In literal fray, 's abominable;
 'Tis heathenish, in frequent use,
 With Pagans and apostate Jews,
 To offer sacrifice of bridewells,*
 Like modern Indians to their idols;
 And mongrel Christians of our times,
 That expiate less with greater crimes,

mental reservation, or by forcing upon the words some subtle interpretation, or after they are sworn, they can find some loophole, or artificial evasion, whereby such art may be used with the oath, that, the words remaining, the meaning may be eluded with sophism, and the sense utterly lost'—BISHOP SANDERSON—*Obligation of Promissory Oaths*

* Alluding to the punishment of whipping in houses of correction.

And call the foul abomination,
 Contrition and mortification
 Is't not enough we're bruised and kickèd,
 With sinful members of the wicked,
 Our vessels, that are sanctified,
 Profaned, and curried back and side,
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful
 And heathen stripes, by their example?
 Which, were there nothing to forbid it,
 Is impious, because they did it *
 This therefore may be justly reckoned
 A heinous sin Now to the second,
 That saints may claim a dispensation
 To swear and forswear on occasion,
 I doubt not but it will appear
 With pregnant light: the point is clear.
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind,†
 Too feeble implements to bind;
 And hold with deeds proportion, so
 As shadows to a substance do
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
 The weaker vessel should submit
 Although your church be opposite
 To ours, as Black-friars are to White,
 In rule and order, yet I grant
 You are a reformado saint,‡

* A sly innuendo against the extreme Presbyterians, who held that whatever was sanctified by the practice of the 'mongrel Christians'—especially alluding to the church of Rome—was, for that reason alone, unlawful

† Such is the doctrine with reference to lovers' vows, which may be supposed to have a special bearing upon the particular case under consideration

‡ The figure is borrowed from military usages A reformado captain was an officer whose troop had been so much reduced, that the residue were taken from him and placed under the command of another, he being either cashiered, or, in recognition of his former services, retained on pay in an inferior position Ralph means that the Presbyterians were in a similar condition, the Independents being, so to speak, on full pay—that is, having the upper hand.

And what the saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to.
But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege,
Further, I mean, than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own.
For if the devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why.
Else h' has a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say
We 're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear,
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain,
For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue, and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence *
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjured themselves, and broke their word:
And thus the constant rule and practice
Of all our late apostles' acts is
Was not the cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?

* That is, by the direction of the spirit, which was commonly employed as an excuse for violating pledges, and proceeding to the last extremity in an opposite policy. Thus Cromwell is stated to have justified himself for detaining the king close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, contrary to his promises, by declaring that 'the spirit would not let him keep his word'. South says that the prince would 'frequently condole his hard fate that he had to do with persons to whom the spirit dictated one thing one day, and commanded the clean contrary the next'. The fate of the prince would be better entitled to commiseration if he had not himself exhibited a similar indifference to the obligations of oaths and promises, without having even so transparent an excuse to give for it as the intervention of the spirit.

Did we not bring our oaths in first,
 Before our plate, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter models, for
 The present use of church and war?
 Did not our worthies of the house,
 Before they broke the peace, break vows?
 For having freed us first from both
 Th' allegiance and suprem'cy oath,
 Did they not next compel the nation
 To take, and break the protestation?
 To swear, and after to recant,
 The solemn league and covenant?^{*}
 To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,
 Enforced by those who first did frame it![†]
 Did they not swear, at first, to fight
 For the king's safety, and his right?
 And after marched to find him out,
 And charged him home with horse and foot?
 And yet still had the confidence
 To swear it was in his defence?
 Did they not swear to live and die
 With Essex, and straight laid him by?[‡]
 If that were all, for some have sworn
 As false as they, if they did no more §
 Did they not swear to maintain law,
 In which that swearing made a flaw?
 For protestant religion vow,
 That did that vowing disallow?

* The oaths of allegiance and supremacy, although not formally repealed, were virtually abrogated by the assumption in other forms of the royal authority. The protestation was in effect a declaration to support the Church of England, which was afterwards disclaimed in the Covenant. The Covenant itself was ultimately renounced altogether by the Independents.

† The engagement was the oath of fidelity to the government as it was established after the death of the King.

‡ When the two houses voted that the Earl of Essex should be general of their army, they declared they would 'live and die with him.' They soon afterwards deprived him of his command.

§ Alluding to a suspicion entertained by some of Essex's friends that he was poisoned.

For privilege of parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?
And since, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the house of lords?
And after turned out the whole housefull
Of peers, as dangerous and unuseful.*
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the commons out o' th' house,
Vowed that the red-coats would disband,
Ay, marry would they, at their command;
And trolled them on, and swore, and swore,
Till th' army turned them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient
What was the public faith† found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The public faith, which every one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should private faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purposed, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold
A saint's of th' heavenly realm a peer;
And as no peer is bound to swear,

* During the king's trial the house of peers was kept quiet by a promise to preserve their privileges, after the king's execution, the commons voted that the house of peers was useless, and ought to be abolished

† By the public faith, as already explained, was meant the credit of Parliament pledged upon loans of money for public purposes, some of which, it is asserted, were never repaid. Ralph argues with much subtlety, that if the public faith was broken with impunity, private faith could not reasonably be considered binding

But on the gospel of his honour,
 Of which he may dispose as owner,
 It follows, though the thing be forgery,
 And false, th' affirm it is no perjury,
 But a mere ceremony, and a breach
 Of nothing, but a form of speech,
 And goes for no more when 'tis took,
 Than mere saluting of the book
 Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
 They're but commissions of course,*
 And saints have freedom to digress,
 And vary from 'em, as they please,
 Or misinterpret them by private
 Instructions,† to all aims they drive at
 Then why should we ourselves abide,
 And curtail our own privilege?
 Quakers that, like to lanterns bear
 Their light within 'em, will not swear,
 Their gospel is an accident,
 By which they construe conscience,
 And hold no sin so deeply red,
 As that of breaking Priscian's head,‡
 The head and founder of their order,
 That stirring hats held worse than murder §

* That is, that they interpreted the Scriptures to suit their purposes, as the parliamentary officers departed from their instructions or commissions, as occasion or expediency seemed to require 'They professed,' says Walker, in his *History of Independency*, 'their consciences to be the rule and symbol both of their faith and doctrine By this Leshian rule they interpret, and to this they conform the Scriptures, not their consciences to the Scriptures, setting the sun-dial by the clock, not the clock by the sun-dial'

† One of the pretences upon which the officers took the liberty of varying from their commissions

‡ Priscian wrote his grammar early in the sixth century, and being considered from his antiquity the founder of a grammatical system, any violation of the laws of grammar is hence proverbially said to break Priscian's head. The significance of the saying in reference to the Quakers, who certainly employ *thou* in the singular correctly, is obvious

§ George Fox was the founder of this order, observes Dr Grey, who supposes that the order alluded to was that of the Quakers. Dr Nash

These thinking they're obliged to troth
 In swearing, will not take an oath:
 Like mules, who if they 'ave not their will
 To keep their own pace, stand stock-still,
 But they are weak, and little know
 What free-born consciences may do.
 'Tis the temptation of the devil
 That makes all human actions evil,
 For saints may do the same things by
 The spirit, in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do,
 And yet the actions be contràry,
 Just as the saints and wicked vary.
 For as on land there is no beast
 But in some fish at sea's expressed,*
 So in the wicked there's no vice,
 Of which the saints have not a spice,
 And yet that thing that's pious in
 The one, in th' other is a sin †
 Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,
 A saint should be a slave to conscience,
 That ought to be above such fancies,
 As far as above ordinances?‡

says that, in that case, 'it would be hold, not held,' and adds, 'I therefore am inclined to think that the poet humourously supposes that Priscian, who received so many blows on the head, was much averse to taking off his hat, and therefore calls him the founder of Quakerism'

* So many fishes of so many features,
 That in the waters one may see all creatures,
 Even all that on the earth are to be found,
 As if the world within the deeps were drowned

DUBARTAS.

† It was a principle held by many that the regenerate could not sin, and that an act which would be sin in others was no sin in them, the condition of the person determining the character of the act.

‡ That is, they were so sure of salvation as to be under no necessity to observe the ordinances. A man above ordinances was one who was already so perfect as to be released from the observance of forms indis-

She's of the wicked, as I guess,
 B' her looks, her language, and her dress :
 And though, like constables, we search
 For false wares one another's church,
 Yet all of us hold this for true,
 No faith is to the wicked due.*
 The truth is precious and divine,
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.'

Quoth Hudibras, ' All this is true ;
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
 Those mysteries and revelations ;
 And therefore topical evasions
 Of subtle turns, and shifts of sense, .
 Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,
 Such as the learnèd jesuits use,
 And presbyterians, for excuse
 Against the protestants, when th' happen
 To find their churches taken napping .
 As thus , A breach of oath is duple,
 And either way admits a scruple,
 And may be, *ex parte* of the maker,
 More criminal than th' injured taker ,
 For he that strains too far a vow,
 Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow :
 And he that made, and forced it, broke it,
 Not he that for convenience took it
 A broken oath 's, *quatenus* oath,
 As sound t' all purposes of troth,
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
 Nay, till they 're broken have no force.
 What's justice to a man, or laws,
 That never comes within their claws ?
 They have no power, but to admonish ;
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish,

pensable to the salvation of others. The Seekers and Muggletonians openly renounced all ordinances

* Ralph here insinuates that he suspects the widow to be a Royalist, and that, therefore, it is not necessary to keep faith with her

Until they 're broken, and then touch
 Those only that do make them such
 Beside, no engagement is allowed
 By men in prison made, for good,
 For when they 're set at liberty,
 They 're from th' engagement too set free
 The rabbins write, when any jew
 Did make to God or man a vow,
 Which afterwards he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
 Any three other jews o' th' nation
 Might free him from the obligation *
 And have not two saints power to use†
 A greater privilege than three jews?
 The court of conscience, which in man
 Should be supreme and sovereign,
 Is't fit should be subordinate
 To ev'ry petty court i' the state,
 And have less power than the lesser,
 To deal with perjury at pleasure?
 Have its proceedings disallowed, or
 Allowed, at fancy of pie-powder? ‡
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing *ex officio* ?§

* This rule was not found in the written law, but came by tradition from Moses, it was to the effect, that a man who felt his oath inconvenient should consult one wise man, or three of the vulgar, and that they should have the power to set him free

† It appears from Godwin's MS notes on Grey's *Hudibras*, in the Bodleian library, that Butler informed Mr Veal (a gentleman commissioner of Edmund-hall during the troubles) that by the 'two saints' he meant Dr Downing and Mr Marshall, who, when some of the rebels were spared on condition that they would not again bear arms against the king, were sent to dispense with the oath, and persuade them to re-enter the service

‡ The special business of the court of pie-powder was to settle disputes that arose at fairs and markets. The name is derived from *pie-d-poudreux*, an itinerant pedlar, or vagrant

§ That is, taking the *ex officio* oath, by which parties were compelled to answer all interrogatories put to them, even if in doing so they criminated themselves

Be forced t' impeach a broken hedge,
 And pigs unringed, at *vis franc* pledge?*

Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
 Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance,
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,
 And who filled pots of ale but half-full,
 And have no power at all, nor shift,
 To help itself at a dead lift?

Why should not conscience have vacation
 As well as other courts o' th' nation?
 Have equal power to adjourn,
 Appoint appearance and return?
 And make as nice distinctions serve
 To split a case, as those that carve,
 Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?†
 Why should not tricks as slight, do points?
 Is not th' high-court of justice sworn
 To judge that law that serves their turn?‡

* Frank pledge Under the ancient law every free-born man of fourteen years of age was required to find sureties for his good behaviour to the king and his subjects, and it was the custom for neighbours to become bound for each other. The sheriffs investigated these securities, and that branch of the sheriff's office was called *vis francplegn*.

† Our ancestors, when they found a difficulty in carving a goose, a hare, or other dish, used to say, jestingly, that they should hit the joint if they could think of the name of a cuckold —

So when the mistress cannot hit the joint,
 Which proves sometimes, you know, a difficult point,
 Think on a cuckold, straight the gossips cry

Batt upon Batt 1694

In another old piece, a gossip says —

Lend me that knife, and I'll cut up the goose,
 I am not right,—let me turn edge and point
 Who must I think upon to hit the joint?
 My own good man? I think there's none more fit
 He's in my thoughts—and now the joint I hit

Wit and Murth improved

The proverb is said to have originated in reference to a carver in the service of a Lord Mayor of London, the man being no less famous as a carver than notorious for his domestic degradation.

‡ The court instituted to try the king. Governed by no existing law, it made its own.

Make their own jealousies high-treason,
 And fix them whomso'er they please on?
 Cannot the learned counsel there
 Make laws in any shape appear?
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
 When they make pictures to destroy? *
 And vex them into any form
 That fits their purpose to do harm?
 Rack 'em until they do confess,
 Impeach of treason whom you please,
 And most perfidiously condemn
 Those that engaged their lives for them?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by oath and conscience.
 Can they not juggle, and with slight
 Conveyance play with wrong and right;
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
 As Lapland witches bottled air? †
 Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,
 The same case several ways adjudge?
 As seamen with the self-same gale,
 Will several different courses sail,
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds,
 Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
 Did keep it out, now keep it in,
 So when tyrann'cal usurpation
 Invades the freedom of a nation,
 The laws o' th' land, that were intended
 To keep it out, are made defend it ‡

* It was supposed that amongst the rest of their diabolical powers, witches could inflict any tortures they pleased upon a person they entertained a grudge against by making his or her image in clay, and sticking pins in it, or submitting it to such other process as they thought fit

† The Lapland witches professed to sell the wind in bags, from all points of the compass, an article in much request amongst sailors, desirous of pursuing their voyage with security and despatch.

‡ Butler has elsewhere expressed this in prose 'For as, when the sea breaks over its bounds, and overflows the land, those dams and

Does not in chancery every man swear
 What makes best for him in his answer?
 Is not the winding up witnesses,
 And nicking, more than half the business?
 For witnesses, like watches, go
 Just as they 're set, too fast or slow,
 And where in conscience they 're strait-laced,
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
 Do not your juries give their verdict
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
 And as they please, make matter o' fact
 Run all on one side, as they 're packed?
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,
 To publish what he does within doors,*
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.
 If oaths can do a man no good
 In his own business, why they should
 In other matters do him hurt,
 I think there's little reason for't.
 He that imposes an oath makes it,
 Not he that for convenience takes it:
 Then how can any man be said
 To break an oath he never made?
 These reasons may perhaps look oddly
 To th' wicked, though they evince the godly;

banks that were made to keep it out, do afterward serve to keep it in so, when tyranny and usurpation break in upon common right and freedom, the laws of God and the land are abused, to support that which they were intended to oppose'—*Speech in the Rump Parliament*.

* Momus objected to the structure of man, that there were no windows in his breast through which his thoughts could be seen, hence, says Dr Grey, every unreasonable carper has since been called a Momus. Dr Nash remarks that Butler always wrote window, windore, and suggests that, perhaps, he thought the etymology of the word was wind-door. If he did, he was not singular in that opinion. Skinner and others have held it. The etymology, however, is very doubtful. The main object of windows is to admit light, not wind, which is only a secondary, or accidental, use. It is observed, on the other side, by Dr. Nares, that the Spanish word, *ventana*, is derived from wind.

But if they will not serve to clear
 My honour, I am ne'er the near
 Honour is like that glassy bubble,
 That finds philosophers such trouble,
 Whose least part cracked, the whole does fly,
 And wits are cracked to find out why 't

Quoth Ralpho, 'Honour's but a word
 To swear by only in a lord †
 In other men 'tis but a huff'
 To vapour with, instead of proof,
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
 Insenseless, ‡ and just nothing else '

'Let it,' quoth he, 'be what it will,
 It has the world's opinion still
 But as men are not wise that run
 The slightest hazard they may shun,
 There may a medrum be found out
 To clear to all the world the doubt;
 And that is, if a man may do't,
 By proxy whipped, or substitute '§
 'Though nice and dark the point appear,'
 Quoth Ralph, 'it may hold up and clear

* Alluding to the glass drops said to have been invented by Prince Rupert, and called Rupert's drops, but to which he had no further claim than that of having brought them over to England from the continent. The puzzle presented by this bubble, which amused and perplexed the founders of the Royal Society, consists in the fact, that although the thick part, where the drop terminates, will bear the stroke of a hammer, the whole will burst with a noise, and be blown in powder to a considerable distance, if the upper part, or neck, which narrows to a point, be broken off. It is explained in this way. The drop when taken from the fire is suddenly immersed in water, by which the pores on the outside are closed, and the glass condensed, while the inside not cooling so rapidly, the pores are left wider and wider from the surface to the middle, so that the air being let in, and finding no passage, bursts it to pieces.

† Peers pronounce judgment, not on their oath, but on their words of honour.

‡ Some editions read—'Is senseless'

§ There are historical examples of this. Mr Murray was whipping boy to Charles I., and Henry IV received chastisement from the hands of Clement VIII, in the persons of his representatives, D'Ossat and Du Perron, who were afterwards made Cardinals.

That sinners may supply the place
 Of suffering saints, is a plain case
 Justice gives sentence, many times,
 On one man for another's crimes
 Our brethren of New-England use
 Choice malefactors to excuse,
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,*
 Of whom the churches have less need,
 As lately 't happened In a town
 There lived a cobbler, and but one,
 That out of doctrine could cut use,
 And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
 This precious brother having slain,
 In times of peace, an Indian,
 Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
 Because he was an infidel,
 The mighty Tottipottymoy†
 Sent to our elders an envoy,
 Complaining sorely of the breach
 Of league, held forth by brother Patch,

* In the notes to the early editions this is stated to have actually taken place, and the story of the cobbler and the weaver is asserted to be true Dr Grey quotes a parallel instance from Morton's *English Canaan*, published in 1637 In this instance, however, the design was not carried out A young man had stolen some corn, for which the penalty was death, but a council was held at which it was proposed to hang an old bed-ridden weaver in the clothes of the young man to appease the justice of the case It was urged, as a ground for this proceeding, that the old man must under any circumstances soon die, and that the young man, being strong and vigorous, ought to be preserved, as he would be useful in resisting an enemy, should such an emergency arise A single dissentient voice prevented the adoption of this proposal, and succeeded in obtaining a more equitable sentence So the real offender was hanged A still more curious illustration is cited by Dr Grey, in a letter from the Committee of Stafford to the Speaker, Lenthall, dated 5th August, 1645, requesting 'that Mr Henry Steward, a soldier under the Governor of Hartleburgh Castle, might be respited from execution, with an offer of two Irishmen to be executed in his stead'

† The Tottipottymoy and the Hohan Moghan are, probably, names invented in burlesque of the high-sounding appellations of the North American Indians

Against the articles in force
 Between both churches, his and ours,
 For which he craved the saints to render
 Into his hands, or hang, th' offender.
 But they maturely having weighed
 They had no more but him o' th' trade,
 A man that served them in a double
 Capacity, to teach and cobble,
 Resolved to spare him, yet to do
 The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
 Impartial justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid
 Then wherefore may not you be skipped,
 And in your room another whipped?
 For all philosophers, but the sceptic,
 Hold whipping may be sympathetic.*
 'It is enough,' quoth Hudibras,
 'Thou hast resolved, and cleared the case;

* The two extremes of credulity and unbelief are impartially included in the satire of this couplet. The credulity had a direct reference to the notions of Sir Kenelm Digby, and the founders of the Royal Society, and the unbelief to a smaller sect of philosophers—the Sceptics. The various schools of scepticism which have flourished from the age of Pyrrho to that of Hume, while their doctrines were practically modified by the progress of philosophical inquiry, all rested on a common ground of doubt and suspension of judgment in matters of speculation. The contradictions observable in the impressions made on our senses first led to sceptical views as to the evidence of sensation, and the doubts thus produced were confirmed by the incompatibility of the principles entertained, and supported with confidence, by the different schools of philosophy. A corresponding condition of total indifference in feeling was a natural corollary from these views, hence virtue became a negation, and happiness was made to consist in the absence of mental perturbation. The Sceptics, therefore, who doubted sensation altogether, are properly described as refusing their assent to the doctrine of sympathetic whipping. Indeed, it might be said of them with equal truth, that they refused their assent to all other doctrines. 'They observed,' says Dr. Middleton, in his *Life of Cicero*, 'a perfect neutrality towards all opinions, maintained all of them to be equally uncertain, and that we could not affirm of anything, that it was this or that, since there was as much reason to take it for the one as for the other, or neither of them, thus they lived without engaging themselves on any side of the question.'

And canst, in conscience, not refuse,
From thy own doctrine, to raise use.*
I know thou wilt not, for my sake,
Be tender-conscienced of thy back.
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
And give thy outward-fellow a firkin;
For when thy vessel is new hooped,
All leaks of sinning will be stopped'

Quoth Ralpho, 'You mistake the matter,
For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns
As no man of his own self catches
The itch, or amorous French achès;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense:
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and popish,†
For one man out of his own skin
To frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.'

Quoth Hudibras, 'That's answered soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.'

Quoth Ralpho, 'That we may swear true,
'T were properer that I whipped you;
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The act is really your own.'

* A favourite expression of the sectaries of those days —N.

† Alluding to the doctrine of supererogation.

Quoth Hudibras, 'It is in vain
 I see, to argue 'gainst the grain,
 Or, like the stars, incline men to
 What they're averse themselves to do:
 For when disputes are wearied out,
 'Tis interest still resolves the doubt
 But since no reason can confute ye,
 I'll try to force you to your duty,
 For so it is, howe'er you mince it,
 As, e'er we part, I shall evince it,
 And curry, if you stand out, whether
 You will or no, your stubborn leather.
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
 I' th' public work, base as thou art?
 To higgles thus, for a few blows,
 To gain thy knight an op'lent spouse,*
 Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
 Merely for th' interest of the churches?
 And when he has it in his claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the cause,
 Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon,
 If thou despatch it without grudging
 If not, resolve, before we go,
 That you and I must pull a crow †
 'Ye 'ad best,' quoth Ralpho, 'as the ancients
 Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,

* These reproaches are similar to the complaint urged by Don Quixote against Sancho Panza — 'Oh! obdurate heart! Oh! impious Squire! Oh! nourishment and favours ill bestowed! Is this my reward for having got thee a government, and my good intentions to get thee an earldom, or an equivalent at least?' The whole contest between Hudibras and Ralpho, conducted, however, with more elaboration and subtlety of argument, is imitated from Cervantes

† This seems to have been the old form of the common saying—I have a crow to pluck with you —

He loveth well sheep's flesh, that wets his bred in the wull,
 If he leave it not, we have a crow to pull

JOHN HEYWOOD

We'll pull that old crow, my father

DEKKER — *Honest Whore*.

In Howell's *Proverbs* we find, 'I have a goose to pluck with you'

And Look before you ere you leap,
 For As you sow, ye 're like to reap
 And were y' as good as George a Green,
 I should make bold to turn again,*
 Nor am I doubtful of the issue
 In a just quarrel, and mine is so.
 Is't fitting for a man of honour
 To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner?†
 A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
 For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
 But I advise you, not for fear,
 But for your own sake, to forbear,
 And for the churches, which may chance,
 From hence, to spring a variance,
 And raise among themselves new scruples,
 Whom common danger hardly couples

* George a Green was the jolly Pinder of Wakefield, whose memorable fight with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Little John, in which, single-handed, with his back to a thorn and his foot to a stone, he came off victorious, forms the subject of one of the Robin Hood ballads. The opening of the ballad explains the allusion in the text —

In Wakefield their lves a jolly pindèr,
 In Wakefield all on a green,
 In Wakefield all on a green,
 There is neither knight nor squire, said the pindèr,
 Nor baron that is so bold,
 Nor baron that is so bold,
 Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c
 All this beheard three weighty yeomèn,
 'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John,
 With that they espied the jolly pindèr,
 As he sat under a thorn
 ' Now turn again, turn again,' said the pindèr,
 ' For a wrong way you have gone,
 For you have forsaken the king's hughway,
 And made a path over the corn.'

The pinder, or pinner, was the person who took care of cattle in the pound

† Bishop of London in the time of Queen Mary Fox, in his *Acts and Monuments*, gives an account of the brutalities of this profligate man, who is said on several occasions to have whipped the Protestants, who were in prison, with his own hands, till he became exhausted by the violence of his efforts

Remember how in arms and politics
 We still have worsted all your holy tricks;
 Trepanned your party with intrigue,
 And took your grandees down a peg,
 New-modelled th' army, and cashiered
 All that to Legion Smec adhered,
 Made a mere utensil o' your church,
 And after left it in the lurch;
 A scaffold to build up our own,
 And when w' had done with 't pulled it down,
 O'er-reached* your rabbins of the synod,
 And snapped their canons with a why-not:
 Grave synod-men, that were revered
 For solid face, and depth of beard,
 Their classic model proved a maggot,
 Their direct'ry† an Indian pagod,
 And drowned their discipline like a kitten,
 On which they'd been so long a sitting,‡
 Decried it as a holy cheat,
 Grown out of date, and obsolete,
 And all the saints of the first grass,§
 As casting foals of Balaam's ass' ||

* Originally *capoched*, altered by Butler to o'er-reached. The former word may have been discarded for the reason assigned by Dr Nash, that it did not agree so well with the squire's simplicity of expression, but it certainly expressed his meaning better. Dr Grey, whose explanation of the word is adopted by Dr Nash, says that *capoched* means hooded or blindfolded. This is an error. *Capoch*, or *capouch*, is a monk's cowl or hood, and the verb, *to capoch*, means to strip off the hood. This is the sense in which it is clearly used by Ralph, who means that the Independents had exposed, or laid bare, the Presbyterian preachers, and hunted down their canons with a why-not—a cant word for any violent or peremptory proceeding.

† The Directory, containing instructions for the regulation of public worship, was drawn up by a mixed assembly of divines and laymen, and issued under the authority of Parliament. The assembly consisted of one hundred and twenty divines and thirty laymen.

‡ The assembly sat from the 1st July, 1643, to 28th August, 1648. They had an obvious interest in the prolongation of their labours, being paid four shillings a-day each, with other allowances.

§ The Presbyterians, who were the first to oppose the Established Church.

|| Throughout the whole of his speech, Ralph describes in detail the

At this the knight grew high in chafe,
And, staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled and looked pale with ire,
Like ashes first, then red as fire.
'Have I,' quoth he, 'been ta'en in fight,
And for so many moons lain by't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchanged for tubs of ale?*'
Not but they thought me worth a ransom
Much more considerable and handsome,
But for their own sakes, and for fear
They were not safe, when I was there,
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
An upstart sect'ry, and a mongrel,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own church, like wens or tumours,
And like a maggot in a sore,
Would that which gave it life devour,
It never shall be done or said.'
With that he seized upon his blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepared,
To draw and stand upon his guard,
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din,
Or that some member to be chosen,
Had got the odds above a thousand,

struggle between the Independents and Presbyterians, in which the former, by getting the army on their side, and by their superiority in the arts of intrigue, finally obtained a complete ascendancy over the rival sect

* The knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and after several exchanges proposed, but none accepted of, was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he often used upon all occasions to declare—*Note on first Edition.* This note identifies Hudibras with a living original, who may be presumed to have been Sir Samuel Luke.

And, by the greatness of his noise,
 Proved fittest for his country's choice
 This strange surprisal put the knight
 And wrathful squire into a fright,
 And though they stood prepared, with fatal
 Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
 Both thought it was the wisest course
 To wave the fight, and mount to horse,
 And to secure, by swift retreating,
 Themselves from danger of worse beating,
 Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By uttering of his mind, his courage,
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
 With horror and disdain wind-bound

And now the cause of all their fear
 By slow degrees approached so near,
 They might distinguish different noise
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
 And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
 But when the sight appeared in view,
 They found it was an antique show,
 A triumph that, for pomp and state,
 Did proudest Romans emulate *

* The Skimmington, or procession, to exhibit a woman who had beaten her husband, is humorously compared to a Roman triumph, the learned reader will be pleased by comparing this description with the pompous account of *Æmilius's* triumph, as described by Plutarch, and the satirical one, as given by Juvenal in his tenth satire —N

In this cavalcade of 'riding the Stang,' or 'Skimmington,' got up in ridicule of a man who had been beaten by his wife, Grose tells us that it was customary for the man to ride behind the woman, with his face to the horse's tail, holding a distaff in his hand, at which he pretends to work, while his wife is beating him all the time with a ladle. A smock displayed on a staff was carried before them, emblematical of the superiority of the female, and the whole was accompanied by discordant music produced by an uproar of marrow-bones and cleavers, bulls' horns, tongs, gridirons, and kettles. The Stang was a pole, supported by two stout lads, across which a third was mounted, beating a kettle or pan, and repeating the following doggrel, called a

For as the aldermen of Rome
 Their foes at training overcome,
 And not enlarging territory,
 As some, mistaken, write in story,
 Being mounted in their best array,
 Upon a car, and who but they?
 And followed by a world of tall lads,
 That merry ditties trolled, and ballads,
 Did ride with many a good-morrow,
 Crying, Hey for the town, through the borough,

nommy, in which the history of the affair is characteristically detailed —

With a ran, tan, tan,
 On my old tan can
 Mrs — and her good man
 She banged him, she banged him,
 For spending a penny when he stood in need.
 She up with a three-footed stool,
 She struck him so hard, and she cut him so deep,
 'Till the blood run down like a new-stuck sheep'

The word *Skimmington* may be intended to signify a scold, derived originally, perhaps, from some person of that name distinguished for her domestic eloquence, or it may have been suggested, as Mr Douce conjectures, by the skimming-ladle which plays a conspicuous part in the ceremony. In some places, a part of the ceremony consisted in sweeping before the door of the humiliated husband, and if the procession stopped, and swept before any other door, it was considered a broad hint that the proprietors turn would come next. The usage prevailed in Scotland, where it was deemed a mark of infamy, from which the husband seldom recovered in the opinions of his neighbours, it was also practised in Yorkshire, and many districts in England, and Misson says that he witnessed it in the streets of London. A similar custom seems to have been known in Scandinavia, and its existence in Spain is shown in Hoefnagel's views in Seville, 1593, where the ceremony is entitled *Execucion de justitia de los cornudos patientes*. In the picture representing the Spanish procession, the beaten husband is exhibited riding on a mule with his hands shackled, and a vast pair of antlers branching from his head, on which herbs are hung, with four little flags and three bells. The vixen rides after him on another mule, belabouring him with a stick, her face entirely covered with her hair. A trumpeter follows, holding a trumpet in his left hand, and in his right a *bastinado*, or strap, with which he beats her as they go along. This strict execution of justice on both parties appears to have been adopted, however, only in those cases in which the husbands profited by the beauty and degradation of their wives. 'La femme,' says Colmenar, 'est obligée de fouetter son marie, et elle est fouettée en même temps par le bourreau'

So when this triumph drew so nigh
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so pat,
 In all respects, as this and that
 First, he that led the cavalcate,
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate,
 On which he blew as strong a levet,*
 As well-fee'd lawyer on his brev'ate,
 When over one another's heads
 They charge, three ranks at once, like Sweads.†
 Next pans and kettles of all keys,
 From trebles down to double base,
 And after them, upon a nag,
 That might pass for a fore hand stag,
 A cornet rode, and on his staff
 A smock displayed did proudly wave.
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
 With snuffling broken-winded tones,
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the gut,
 And make a viler noise than swine,
 In windy weather, when they whine.
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,
 Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
 Shall here be nameless, mixed with grains,
 Which he dispensed among the swans,
 And busily upon the crowd
 At random round about bestowed.
 Then, mounted on a hornèd horse,
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
 Tied to the pommel of a long sword
 He held reversed, the point turned downward.

* A blast of a trumpet, a reveillé

† This couplet was added in the edition of 1674. The Swedes, observes Dr Nash, appear to have been the first who practised firing by two or three ranks at a time. Cleveland, speaking of the authors of the *Diurnals*, says, 'they write in the posture that the Swedes give fire in, over one another's heads'

Next after, on a raw-boned steed,
 The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the champion
 A petticoat displayed, and rampant,
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant
 Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
 Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
 The warrior whilom overcome,
 Armed with a spindle and a distaff,
 Which, as he rode, she made him twist off,
 And when he loitered, o'er her shoulder
 Chastized the reformato soldier *
 Before the dame, and round about,
 Marched whiffers,† and staffers‡ on foot,
 With lackeys, grooms, valets, and pages,
 In fit and proper equipages,
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,
 Before the proud virago-minx,
 That was both madam, and a don,
 Like Nero's Sporus, or pope Joan,
 And at fit periods the whole rout
 Set up their throats with clamorous shout
 The knight transported, and the squire,
 Put up their weapons, and their ire;
 And Hudibras, who used to ponder
 On such sights with judicious wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His an'madversions, for his heart
 Quoth he, ' In all my life, till now,
 I ne'er saw so profane a show,

* See *ante*, p. 205, note †.

† From *whiffle*, a pipe, derived from *whiff*, a puff of air, and as the *whiffers* usually went first in a procession (as here described), the term came to be applied generally to all persons who went forward to clear the way —

Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King,
 Seems to prepare his way — *Henry V*, Chorus

‡ Fr. *Estafier*—tall footman It. *Staffiere*—tall armed footman in a cloak.

It is a paganish invention,
Which heathen writers often mention,
And he who made it had read Goodwin,*
Or Ross,† or Cælius Rhodigine,‡
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,§
That best describe those ancient shows,
And has observed all fit decorums
We find described by old historians ||

* Thomas Goodwin, who wrote several theological and controversial pieces, but whose *Exposition of Roman Antiquities* is here specially alluded to. Goodwin was born in 1600, at Rolesby, in Norfolk, educated at Cambridge, where he took orders, and was presented by the King in 1632 to the vicarage of Trinity Church. Becoming dissatisfied with the terms of non-conformity, he relinquished his preferments two years afterwards, and to avoid the consequences went to Holland, where he was chosen pastor of a congregation at Arnheim. When the Parliament took the church government into their hands, he returned to England, and was appointed one of the Assembly of Divines, from whose opinions, however, he frequently differed. He was a zealous and conspicuous member of the Independent sect, and became a great favourite with Cromwell, who made him a commissioner for the approbation of public preachers, and president of Magdalen College, Oxford. He attended Cromwell on his death-bed, and predicted his recovery by a revelation from the spirit. When his prediction was falsified by the event, he is said to have exclaimed in a prayer to God, 'Thou has deceived us, and we are deceived.' At the Restoration he was ejected from Oxford, but permitted to exercise his ministry in London, where he died in 1679. His works were collected in five volumes after his death.

† See *ante*, p. 82, note *

‡ A learned Italian, whose proper name was Ludovico Celio Richeri. He was born at Rovigo about 1450, and after studying at Ferrara and Padua went into France. On his return to Italy he was appointed public professor at Rovigo, afterwards opened a school at Vicenza, and was ultimately promoted by Francis I. to the chair of Greek and Latin at Milan. In 1525 he died of grief on account of the defeat of his patron at the battle of Pavia. The allusion in the text to his voluminousness as a writer upon ceremonies and manners, refers to his principal work entitled *Antiquæ Lectiones*, of which he published sixteen books, to which fourteen more were added after his death. His writings, full of learning, appear to have been little known, a circumstance at which Vossius expresses wonder and indignation.

§ The antiquarians, whose historical labours are well known. Stow is introduced to chronological precedence. He died in 1605—Speed in 1629.

|| Frequent instances of this rhyme of m and n occur in *Hudibras*—such as men and them, exempt and innocent. Dr Loveday drew the

For, as the Roman conqueror,
 That put an end to foreign war,
 Entering the town in triumph for it,
 Bore a slave with him in his chariot,*
 So this insulting female brave,
 Carries behind her here a slave:
 And as the ancients long ago,
 When they in field defied the foe,
 Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,†
 So her proud standard-bearer here,
 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner
 Next links and torches, heretofore
 Still borne before the emperor.
 And, as in antique‡ triumph eggs
 Were borne for mystical intrigues,
 There's one, with truncheon, like a ladle,
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle,
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the rabble-rout bestows'
 Quoth Ralpho, ' You mistake the matter,
 For all th' antiquity you smatter
 Is but a riding used of course,
 When the grey mare's the better horse;

attention of Dr Nash to the fact that these letters seem to sound much alike to the vulgar ear. Illustrations are found in such old sayings as the following —

A stitch in time
 Saves nine
 Tread on a worm
 And it will turn

But it may be doubted whether these old sayings were intended to rhyme

* — Et sibi Consul

Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem — JUV — *Sat* x

† Tunica coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra prætorium poni, quasi admonitio, et indicium futuræ pugnæ — *Lipsius in Tacit*

‡ In some editions the word is printed *antic*, which means mimic. This is probably the correct reading, as eggs were never used in real triumphs, but in the orgies of Orpheus and the games of Ceres

When o'er the breeches greedy women
 Fight, to extend their vast dominion,
 And in the cause impatient Grizel
 Has drubbed her husband with bull's pizzle,
 And brought him under covert-baron,*
 To turn her vassal with a murrain,
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares,†
 And ride their husbands, like night-mares,
 And they, in mortal battle vanquished,
 Are of their charter disenfranchised,
 And by the right of war, like gills,‡
 Condemned to distaff, horns, and wheels §
 For when men by their wives are cowed,
 Their horns of course are understood'

Quoth Hudibras, 'Thou still giv'st sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense.
 'Tis not the least disparagement
 To be defeated by th' event,
 Nor to be beaten by main force,
 That does not make a man the worse,
 Although his shoulders, with battoon
 Be clawed, and cudgelled to some tune,

* The wife is said, in law, to be in *covert baron*, or under the protection and influence of her husband, her *baron*, or lord—*Note to Grey*, Ed 1819

† *Lepores omnes utrumque sexum habent*—MUNSTERUS—G See Brown's *Vulgar Errors* for an exposition of the common opinion respecting the sexes of hares.

‡ Several significations are attached to this word In the Islandic it means a glen Ray defines it a beck, or small brook In the Craven dialect it signifies a valley It has also other meanings in different dialects It seems to have been early used as a generic name for woman, and generally to have been applied to women of loose morals In the common acceptation it means simply a girl In this sense it is used by Ben Jonson, 'Each Jack with his Gill,' and is preserved in the proverb, 'Every Jack must have his Gill' The vulgar provincialism *gal* is, probably, a corruption of it It is supposed by some writers to be a familiar substitute for the name Gillian The term *gill-flirt* is founded on it—meaning a flirting girl.

§ In the Norfolk dialect, the term *gill* is applied to a pair of timber wheels.

A tailor's prentice has no hard
Measure, that's banged with a true yard,
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to surrender ere the assault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour less
Than all th' adversity of success,
And only unto such this shew
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans called ovation:
For as ovation was allowed
For conquest purchased without blood,
So men decree those lesser shows
For victory gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome,
These mounted in a chair-curule,
Which moderns call a cucking-stool,*

* A cucking-stool, ducking-stool, or choking-stool, as it has been variously called, was an engine, says Brand, invented for the punishment of scolds. The best description of this curious engine is given by Misson in his *Travels in England* — 'On attache une chaise à bras à l'extremite de deux espees, de solives, longues de douze ou quinze pieds et dans un éloignement parallele, en sorte que ces deux pièces de bois embrassent, par leur deux bouts voisins, la chaise qui est entre deux, et qui y est attachée par le côté comme avec un essieu, de telle manière, qu'elle a du jeu, et qu'elle demeure toujours dans l'état naturel et horizontal auquel une chaise doit être afin qu'on puisse s'asseoir dessus, soit qu'on l'élève, soit qu'on l'abaisse. On dresse un pôteau sur le bord d'un étang ou d'une rivière, et sur ce poteau on pose, presque en équilibre, la double pièce de bois à une des extremités de laquelle la chaise se trouve au-dessus de l'eau. On met la femme dans cette chaise, et on la plonge ainsi autant de fois qu'il a été ordonné, pour rafraichir un peu sa chaleur immodérée.' The practice was continued in many places down to so late a period as the middle of the last century, and Mr Cole, quoted by Brand, speaks of a ducking-stool which he remembered at Cambridge, in 1754. It was afterwards removed when the old bridge, on which it was suspended, was taken down. 'The chain,' he says, 'hung by a pulley fastened to a beam about the middle of the bridge, in which the woman was confined, and let down under the water three times,

March proudly to the river's side.
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride:
 Like dukes of Venice, who are said
 The Adriatic sea to wed,*
 And have a gentler wife that those
 For whom the state decrees those shows †
 But both are heathenish, and come
 From th' whores of Babylon and Rome,
 And by the saints should be withstood,
 As antichristian and lewd,
 And we, as such should now contribute
 Our utmost strugglings to prohibit'

This said, they both advanced, and rode
 A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
 T' attack the leader, and still pressed,
 Till they approached him breast to breast.
 Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
 Made signs for silence, which obtained,
 'What means,' quoth he, 'this dev'l's procession
 With men of orthodox profession?
 'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,
 From heathenism derived to us.
 Does not the whore of Bab'lon ride
 Upon her hornèd beast astride,
 Like this proud dame, who either is
 A type of her, or she of this?

and then taken out The bridge was then of timber, before the present stone bridge of one arch was built The ducking stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it was engraved devils laying hold of scolds &c Some time after a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same devils carved on it, and well painted and ornamented' This was written in 1780

* The ceremony was instituted in 1174, by Pope Alexander III, who gave the Doge a gold ring from his finger, in token of the victory achieved by the Venetian fleet at Istria, over Frederic Barbarossa, in defence of the Pope's quarrel, desiring him at the same time to throw a similar ring into the sea every year on Ascension Day in commemoration of the event On throwing the ring into the sea, the Doge repeats the words, 'Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri et perpetui domini'

† That is, that the sea is gentler than a termagant wife.

Are things of superstitious function,
Fit to be used in gospel sunshine?
It is an antichristian opera,
Much used in midnight times of popery,
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions,
To scandalize that sex, for scolding,
To whom the Saints are so beholden.
Women, who were our first apostles,
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturned
In which the cause might be concerned,
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols,
Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,
To take the saints' and churches' parts.
Drew several gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
And fixed 'em constant to the party,
With motives powerful and hearty.
Their husbands robbed, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver,
Rubbed down the teachers, tired and spent
With holding forth for parliament;
Pampered and edified their zeal
With marrow puddings many a meal:
Enabled them, with store of meat,
Or controverted points, to eat;
And crammed them, till their guts did ache,
With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause at London?
Marched rank and file, with drum and ensign,
T' intrench the city for defence in:
Raised rampires with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands,

From ladies down to oyster-wenches
 Laboured like pioneers in trenches,
 Fell to their pick-axes, and tools,
 And helped the men to dig like moles? *
 Have not the handmaids of the city
 Chose of their members a committee,
 For raising of a common purse,
 Out of their wages, to raise horse?
 And do they not as triers sit,
 To judge what officers are fit? †
 Have they?—At that an egg let fly,
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,

* The zeal of the women is by no means exaggerated in this passage. They freely contributed their jewels and ornaments to the cause, and the poorer classes, who had no rich offerings to make, brought in their silver thimbles, bodkins, and spoons. They were collected and garrisoned into companies, and kept watch and guard to protect the city. In places undergoing a siege the women worked at the defences, and many ladies of rank not only encouraged them by their presence, but helped them with their own hands. D'Avenant's spirited chorus of women, placed under similar circumstances, was intended, it may be presumed, to convey a picture of these scenes.

Beat down our grottoes, and hew down our bowers,
 Dig up our arbours, and root up our flowers,
 Our gardens are bulwarks and bastions become,
 Then hang up our lute, we must sing to the drum
 Our patches and our curls,
 So exact in each station,
 Our powders and our purls,
 Are now out of fashion
 Hence with our needles, and give us your spades,
 We, that were ladies, grow coarse as our maids
 Our coaches have driven us to balls at the court,
 We now must drive barrows to earth up the fort

Siege of Rhodes.

The labours of the women in working at the fortifications are satirically alluded to in the *Rump Songs*—1 136

† A tract printed in 1647, entitled *The Parliament of Ladies*, has the following passage, quoted by Dr Grey—'The House considered in the next place that divers weak persons have crept into place, beyond their ability, and to the end that men of greater parts may be put into their rooms, they appointed the Lady Middlesex, Mrs Dunch, the Lady Foster, and the Lady Anne Waller, by reason of their great experience in soldiery in the kingdom, to be a committee of tryers for the business.'

And running down his cheek, besmeared,
 With orange-tawny slime,* his beard,
 But beard and slime being of one hue,
 The wound the less appeared in view.
 Then he that on the panniers rode,
 Let fly on th' other side a load,
 And quickly charged again, gave fully,
 In Ralpho's face another volley
 The knight was startled with the smell,
 And for his sword[†] began to feel,
 And Ralpho, smothered with the stink,
 Grasped his, when one that bore a link,
 O' th' sudden clapped his flaming cudgel,
 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole,
 And straight another, with his flambeau,
 Gave Ralpho, o'er the eyes, a damned blow
 The beasts began to kick and fling,-
 And forced the rout to make a ring,
 Through which they quickly broke their way,
 And brought them off from further fray,
 And though disordered in retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat
 For quitting both their swords and reins,
 They grasped with all their strength the manes,
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
 With spurring put their cattle to't,
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too, ne'er looked behind †

* This is doubly contemptuous Orange-tawny was the colour ordinarily appropriated to clerks and persons of inferior condition. It was the colour worn generally by the Jews

They say that usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do judaize —BACON —*Ess* xli

† A sneer, probably, upon the Earl of Argyle, who more than once fled from Montrose, and never looked behind till he was quite out of danger, as at Inverary, 1644; at Innerlochie, where he betook himself to his boat, at Kilsyth, where he fled, and never looked over his shoulder until after twenty miles' riding he reached the South Queen's Ferry, where he possessed himself again of his boat, and from Monroe's army at Sterling Bridge, where he did not look behind him

After they 'ad paused a while, supplying
 Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
 And Hudibras recruited force
 Of lungs, for action or discourse ;
 Quoth he, ' That man is sure to lose
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes
 For where no honour's to be gained,
 'Tis thrown away in being maintained
 'Twas ill for us, we had to do
 With so dishon'rabable a foe :
 For though the law of arms doth bar
 The use of venom'd shot in war,
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
 Their case-shot savour strong of poison ,
 And, doubtless, have been chewed with teeth
 Of some that had a stinking breath ;
 Else when we put it to the push,
 They had not given us such a brush :
 But as those poltroons that fling durt
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt,
 So all the honour they have won,
 Or we have lost, is much at one
 'Twas well we made so resolute
 A brave retreat, without pursuit ;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in triumph led ;
 Than which the ancients held no state
 Of man's life more unfortunate
 But if this bold adventure e'er
 Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
 It may, being destined to assert
 Her sex's honour, reach her heart
 And as such homely treats, they say,
 Portend good fortune,* so this may.

in eighteen miles' riding, till he reached the North Queen's Ferry, and possessed himself of a boat —Q

* The original of the coarse proverb here alluded to took its rise from the glorious battle of Agincourt, where the English were so

Vespasian being daubed with dirt,
Was destined to the empire for't,*
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome.
And why may not this foul address
Presage in love the same success?
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds,
And after, as we first designed,
Swear I've performed what she enjoined.'

afflicted with the dysentery, that most of them chose to fight naked from the girdle downward —G

* It is related of Oliver Cromwell that, in his youth, he was invited to the revels kept by his uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, for the entertainment of King James I, and made his appearance at the ball besmeared with unseemly filth, for which outrage his uncle ordered him to be ducked in the horse-pond *

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